

SMALLEY'S MAGAZINE



VOL. XXII.

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No. 2.

OUR SEPTEMBER NUMBER

The reception accorded July SMALLEY'S only substantiates the publisher's belief that there is room on the American news stand for another first-class literary ten cent publication. It will be our aim to make each number of SMALLEY'S better than its predecessor, and we believe that this issue is the best of them all to date. All efforts are now being made to give the reading public something still better for September, and it is with considerable pride that we prophesy that the September issue of SMALLEY'S will equal, if not excel, any similar publication on the news stands. Among the many features in September will be the following:

"Among the Cheyennes," by Olin D. Wheeler. "American Commerce in the Far East," by R. van Bergen. "How the Soldier is Fed," by Robertson Howard," Jr. "The Hawaiian Islands," by Michael Monihan. "The Character of Dogs," by Robert Louis Stevenson. "Drawing Room Dances," by H. Southerland Edwards.

All of these descriptive articles will be profusely illustrated from original drawings and photographs.

The fiction feature of the September number will surpass any previous effort in this direction, and will contain the following:

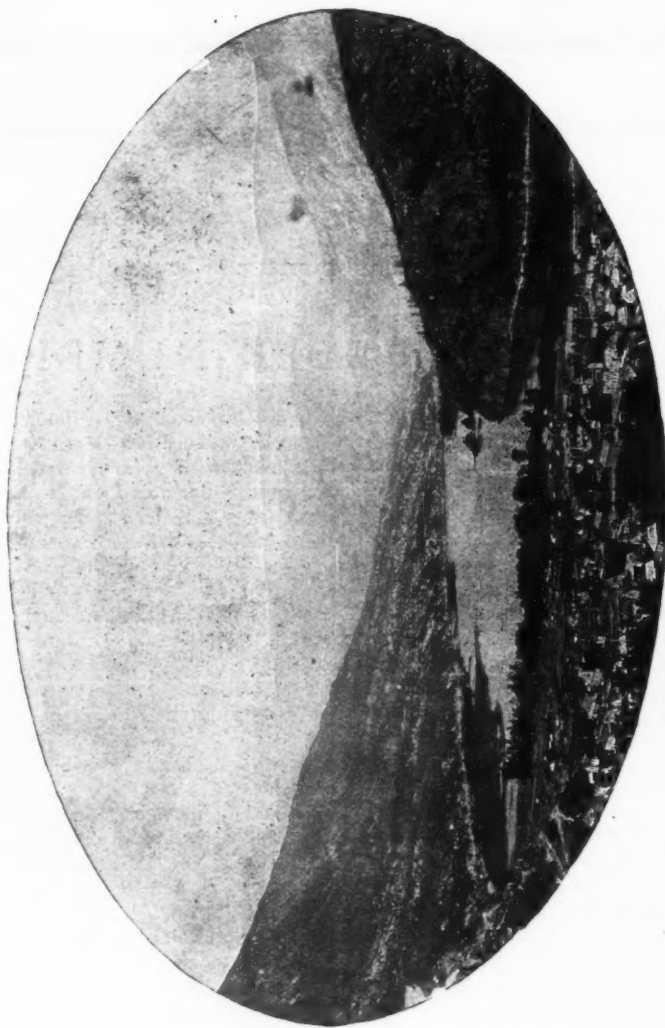
"Bab," by Stanley Weyman. "The Feudist and the Shanghai," by Calvin Johnston. "The Making of Mulldurk," by Bryon E. Cooney. "The Finding of Edwards," by Frank D. Faber. "The Supernatural Experiences of Patsy Cong," by William Black. The thrillingly interesting serial story entitled, "Miser Hoadley's Secret," by Arthur Marchmont.

The departments of the September number will consist of "The Editor's Note Book," "Plays and Players," "Woman's Department," "Our Little Men and Women," and "Our Reciprocity Bureau."

In your honest opinion is there any other ten cent magazine published anywhere with more attractive contents than those promised for September SMALLEY'S? In addition to the foregoing there will be many beautiful features that no other magazine has. Let us suggest that you leave your order with your newsdealer in advance, as we anticipate a heavy sale for this forthcoming number.

With best wishes,

Victor H. Smalley.



The Picturesque City of Nelson, B. C.—Page 118



On the Great Salt Lake in Utah—Page 119



Storm Castle, on West Gallatin Canyon, Mont.—Page 120



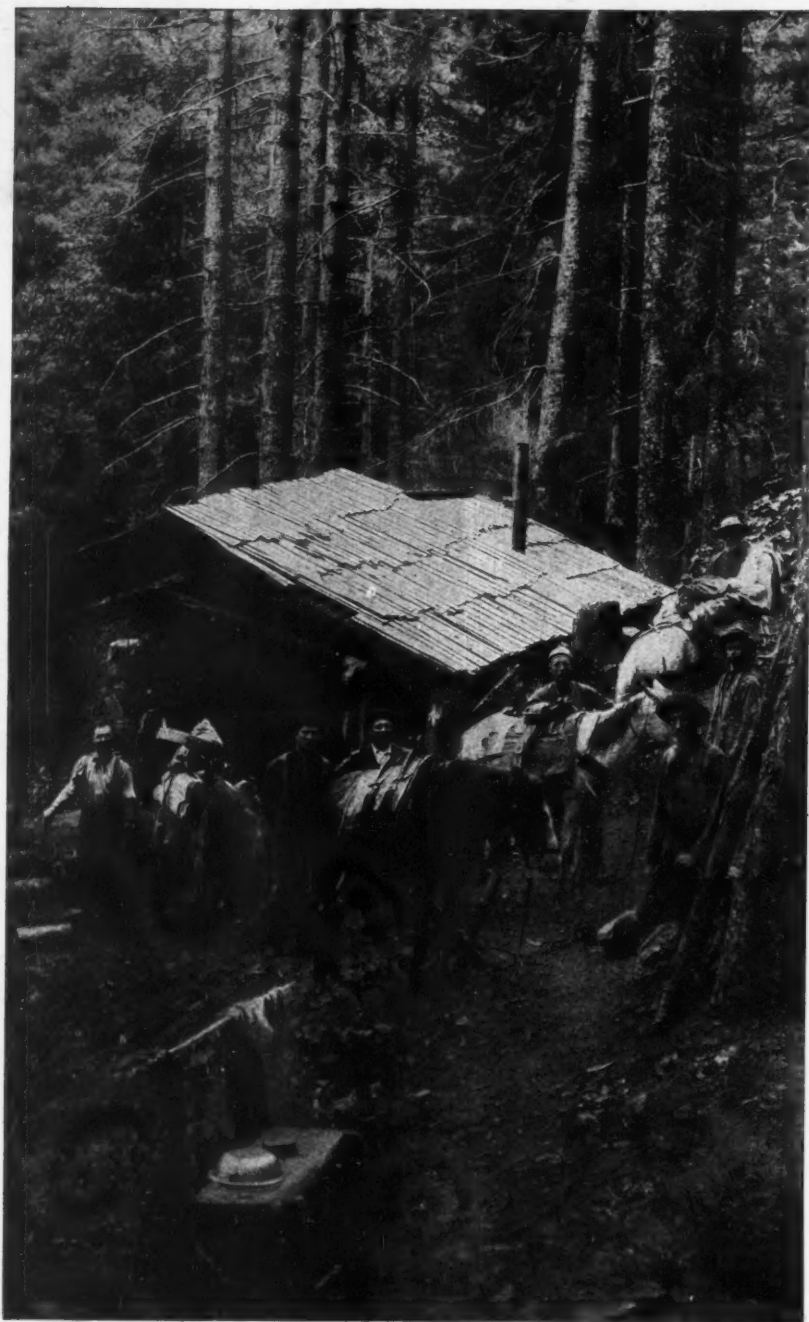
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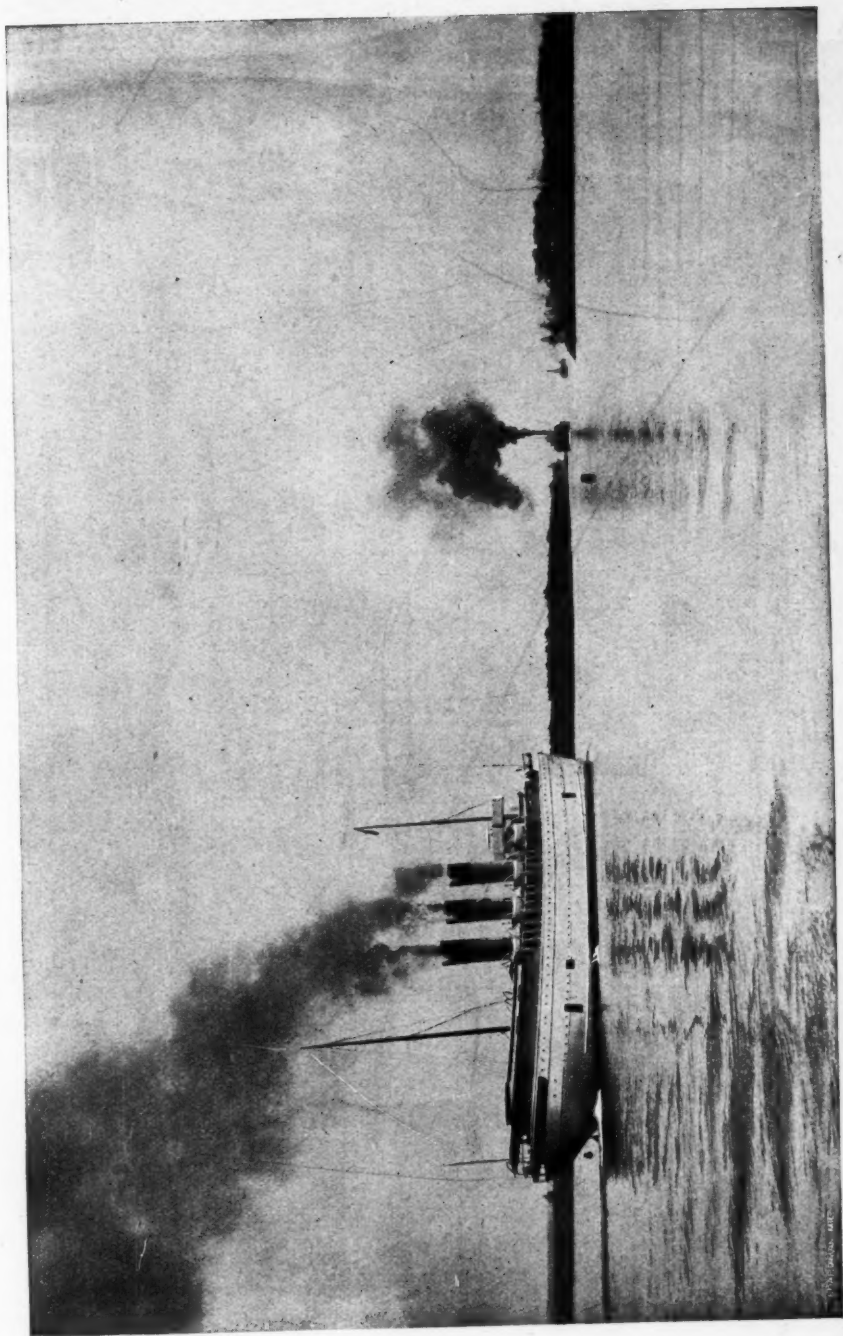
The Manner in Which Flumes are Built in the Rockies—Page 122



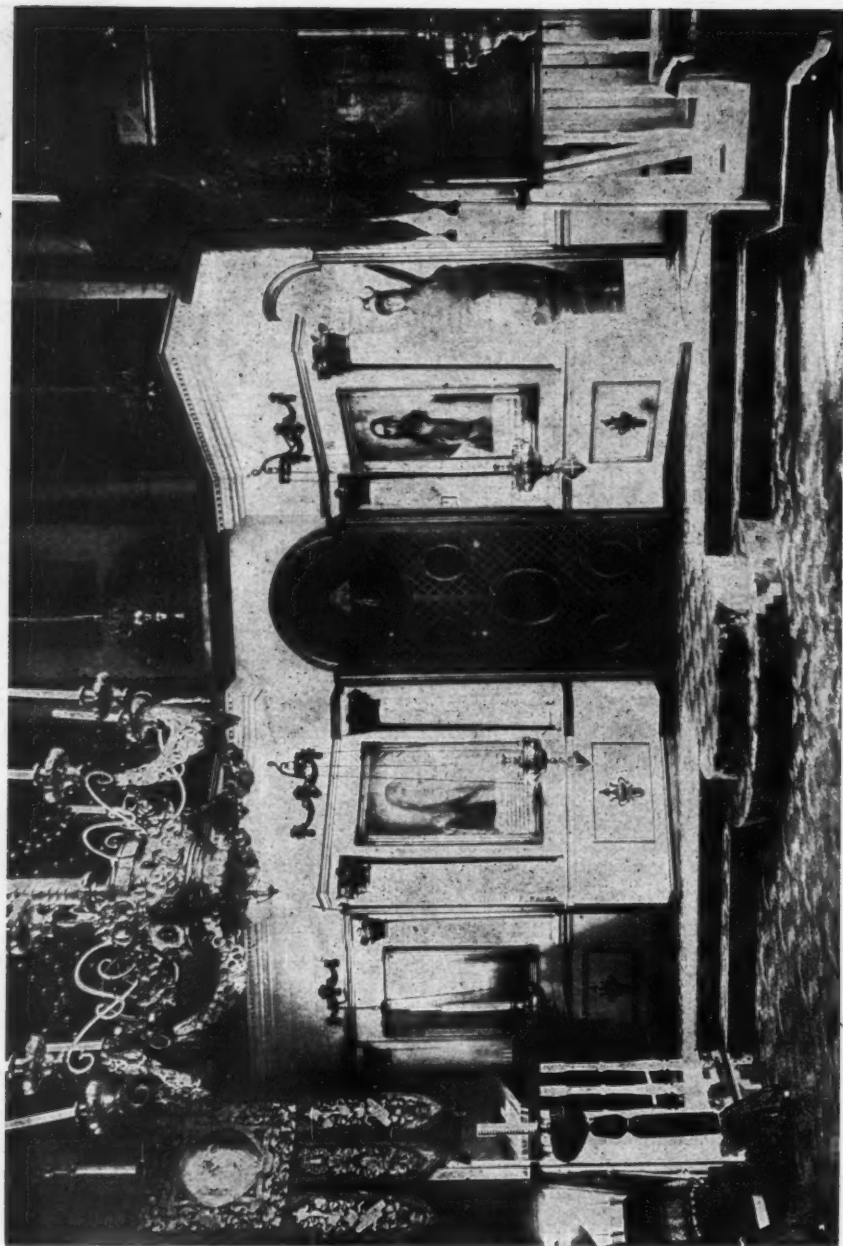
A British Ship at Anchor on Puget Sound—Page 123



Prospectors in the Cascade Mountains. —Page 124



Vessels Entering Hay Lake From Lake Superior Through St. Mary's River.—Page 123



Interior of the Greek Church, Unalakleet, Alaska



Sort of strange that at this late day, away up on the coast of Alaska on the sea beaches at Cape Nome and vicinity, the most remarkable places, in many respects, of modern times should be discovered. Somebody must have rubbed Aladdin's lamp and the genii appeared and piloted to the spot some poor disheartened prospector who had proved himself worthy of success. For years the tides of ocean there had ebbd and flowed, moaning in monotonous rhythm, "Why don't they come? Why don't they come?"

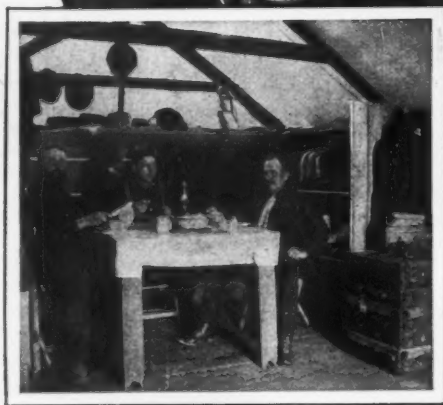
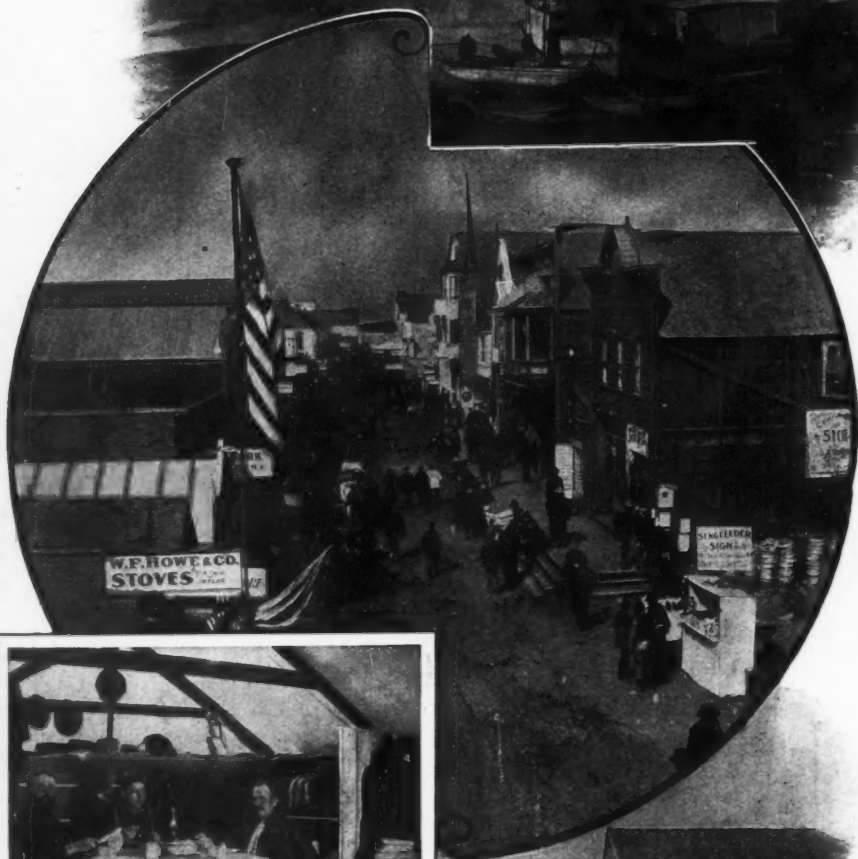
"All things come to him who waits," they say, even, it seems, to old ocean itself, and now the monotone of the surges is: "They have come! They have come!" Day after day, the quiet beaches have been turned topsy-turvy by men washing out the precious yellow grains. Quite different; this, from hard mountain climbing among the gulches and hills where the ore has to be obtained by digging or blasting.

Verily, our old ideas of Alaska as a refrigerated, inhospitable region only will have to be changed.

We paid \$7,200,000 for this glacial land, and we have received from it to date certainly as much as \$120,000,000. And congress higgled and haggled over the question as to whether it should buy it.

Cape Nome is a point on the north side of Norton Sound, about one hundred and twenty-five miles beyond St. Michaels, the point of departure for the Yukon River steamers, and about 2,700 miles from Puget Sound. It is, therefore, not so much out of the world as one would think. The first discovery—by accident, as usual—was in July, 1899. In three months those Nome beaches had given up \$1,000,000. Along

*Mouth of
Snake River,
Nome, Alaska,
looking west.*



Views at Nome, Alaska.

*N. P. Ry.
Office,
Nome,
Alaska.*



*Beach at Nome
in Spring of
1900.*

the coast northward the sands are more or less filled with gold, at many places being supposed to be as rich as those at Nome. The region is entirely within the American boundary lines, and steamship communication with Puget Sound ports quite frequent.

Climatic conditions are about the same as on the North Pacific coast, and clothing suitable to be worn there will answer for the Nome country.

The great significance of the Nome exploitation is in its probable effect upon the Alaskan region in general.

Alaska is probably only on the verge of its development. The land of gigantic glaciers is likely to prove a land of glittering gold as well.

Since the hegira consequent upon the Klondike discoveries great changes have come to Alaska. Little knots of prospectors have spread over it, searching out its hidden nooks and testing its ledges and streams for gold. The work is slow but the results will be valuable. Lines of railway, trails, and telegraph and telephone lines have been constructed. The Government is exploring the country, and is adding to our knowledge of its topography and geology. All these things mean development, and every steamer that comes to Puget Sound from the far north comes freighted with prospectors and gold.

The hardy sons of men who are camping for a time up there are doing yeomen's work. It requires fortitude and

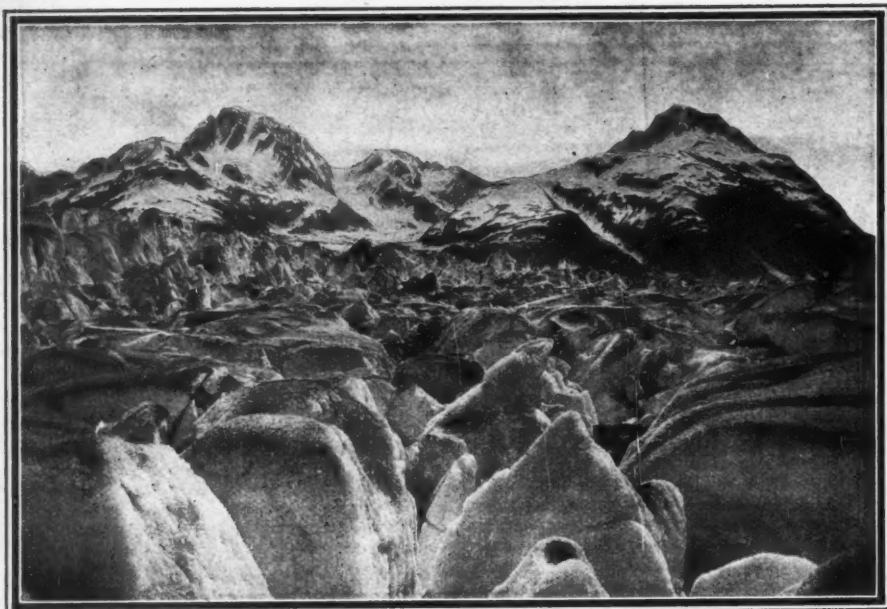


Lighters Coming in From Ocean Vessels To Beach at Nome

strong hearts to develop such a land, but the ultimate results may be far greater than either they, or we, dream of. It will be found that all the ledges are not formed of gold quartz, nor all the streams of golden sands. But what has been found augurs well for the future.

There are now several lines of steamships between Puget Sound and Alaskan ports. The mere traveler and tourist may therefore make the pleasure trip to that region even easier than heretofore, and gaze enraptured upon the grandest scenery of the globe, the great Alaskan mountains and their tremendous glaciers. Accommodations via these lines are entirely satisfactory, and reservations may be made through any Northern Pacific agent, east or west.

The excursion season extends from May 1st to September 30th. The steamers use the inland passage, thus avoiding the least sea sickness. Our Western Archipelago, as this is called, is destined to become one of the scenic and tourist



Top of Muir Glacier—Seen by the Tourist on the Alaskan Trip

resorts of the world. Tempered by the Japan Current, its coast climate is warm and moist, and at the feet of the great mountains and their glaciers is found a foliage almost or quite tropical in its luxuriance.

The glaciers break into the sea all along the coast, and a sight of the stupendous Muir Glacier, three miles wide, 250 feet in the air and 750 feet beneath the water, is one that can probably not be duplicated elsewhere.

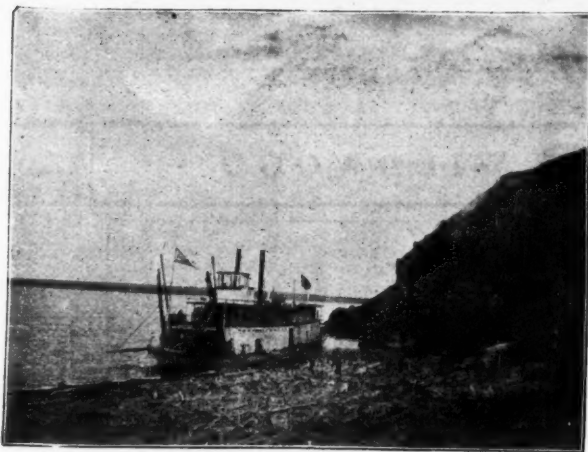
The Alaskan Indians, with their curios, totem poles, quaint canoes, and primitive methods, form another interesting element in this tour of about 3,000 miles for the round trip.

The Yukon River is the Mississippi of Alaska, and like the Father of Waters forms, with its tributaries, a great inland highway. It is a matter of doubt which of the two rivers is the largest in respect to volume. The Yukon is formed by Lewes River, 350 miles long, and Pelly River, 500 miles long, the two meeting at Fort Selkirk, and thence to the sea it is over 2,000 miles, navigable the entire distance, its shallow mouths, however, preventing the entrance to sea-going vessels. Its five mouths and delta having a width of seventy-five miles. The river abounds

in salmon and other fishes. An island known as the Mammoth in the Yukon seems to have been the burying place of a herd of mastodons, remains being piled up in great profusion. It is believed by some that living specimens of the mastodon still exist in the un-



Greek Church, Unalaska, Alaska.



Steamer P. B. Weare Wooding Up, on the Yukon

explored North. The natives of that country tell of huge woolly beasts with long tusks, from whose nostrils, in the winter time, issue puffs of steam. The scenery along the river is one constant panorama of grandeur. In the summer, flowers of many kinds blossom up against the glaciers, mosquitoes abound, and the temperature goes to 100 or more above. In the winter the temperature drops to 80 below, and birds fly to the South, the bears hibernate, the natives likewise, and the green and brown of valleys and moun-

In the winter they are hitched to sleds and in the summer they are loaded with packs, each carrying from forty to fifty pounds. They will steal anything good to eat, from a pair of boots to a side of bacon. They are vicious and lack the affection for men shown by the dogs of other countries.

OLIN D. WHEELER.

Illustrations courtesy of "Wonderland"



Paradise Bay and Mount Emma, Alaska.



THE WILDWOOD



There's joy in the deep tangled wildwood,
Where the robin's song floats o'er the vale,
And the mocking bird joins in a chorus
And pours out a bird lover's tale;
Where the wild eglantine opes its blossoms,
And mountains in grandeur arise;
Tall trees form a canopy o'er us,
Above is the blue bending skies.

There's joy in the brooklet's low murmur
As it wells through the evergreen wreath,
And kisses the moth covered pebbles
Ere 'tis lost in the valley beneath.
There's joy in a cup of its water,
Brewed by an Almighty hand;
Down in the depths of the mountains

Where nature is silent and grand.
There's joy in the forest's deep silence,
At evening, when nature profound,
Is throwing its mantle around us;
Ere the moon in the heavens is crowned.
There's joy in the deepening twilight,
When whisperings come from the stars;
From the liome of the joyous angels
To lessen our sorrows and cares.

'Tis a joy when the moon from the orient
Mounts up through the blue azure dome,
And planets in grandeur assemble
And point to the wanderer's home.
There's joy in the soul's adoration,
That glories like this have been given
To draw our minds from earth's cares,
And the soul to its own native heaven.

There is joy in song's diapason,
As it echoes o'er mountains and grove,
And swells o'er hilltop and valley,
And blends with the spirits of love.
Come hither, ye tempest tossed pilgrims,
Unburden your bosoms of care;
And bow in this evergreen altar,
The God of Creation is there.

—Mrs. Portia Murray.

THREE TROUBLED DAYS

A Complete Story

By WILLIAM DURRETT

Two letters for you, Nell, and one for me! Yours are from Jim and Amy, but I haven't the ghost of an idea who can have been writing to me."

"So good of you to tell me who my correspondents are!" laughed Nell. "Let me have a look at your letter, and perhaps I may be as kind to you. What is the postmark?"

"New York," said May, looking over and round the envelope, anywhere rather than inside. Then suddenly some thought evidently occurred to her. She murmured "Oh!" under her breath, turned rather red, and slowly opened her letter.

Nell meantime was busy with her own correspondence. Her brother Jim wrote a short letter, and had little news to impart. Harvard was very jolly, he said. He was having a grand time, not studying more than was reasonable, but reading a good bit too! And he had something to say about rowing, and he wished he could have the girls there for May week. His love to Amy and May, and so he remained her very affectionate brother!

Amy wrote from Chicago that she would be home next day. She had had a delightful visit, but would give Nell and May all news when they met, and so no more at present!

Then Nell glanced at her sister and saw that she was bending over her letter with a flushed, indignant face.

"My word, May," she said, "whatever in the word has gone wrong? Your face is like the rising sun. Who's your letter from?"

"Never mind!" May answered shortly.

"Tell me, dear," the elder sister rejoined kindly, "I may be able to help you."

"Help me!" May exclaimed. "I want no help, thank you. Oh, I'm a rude wretch," she went on, "read it, if you like, Nell. It's the most insulting letter I ever heard of."

And Nell read—

Knickerbocker Club, New York.

Dear Miss Macdonald:—When we met at Mrs. Armadale's last September, we saw a great deal of each other. I enjoyed your society immensely, and I am sure you enjoyed mine. Many months have elapsed since then, and you may wonder that you have not heard from me before this. Let me confess that it is somewhat of a struggle to give up my bachelor ex-

istence. I have fought with myself, however, and have conquered. Let me know what stones you prefer, and the ring shall be bought and sent on at once. Please say nothing of our engagement in the meantime. Yours ever,

WILFRED VASSIE.

P. S.—My love to your sister. She was such a jolly little thing! W. V.
March 31st.

"Do you know," May said, when the letter had been duly perused by her sister, "I thought that man was a gentleman. I liked him more than any man I ever knew. And the veriest cad wouldn't write a letter like that."

"It's not a very nice letter," Nell said slowly, "but don't do anything rashly, May, dear! Remember, some men are awfully stupid at expressing themselves, and remember, too, how awfully rich he is!"

"Rich!" May stormed. "I wouldn't have him if he had a million. I wouldn't have him if he had ten millions. What stones do I prefer, indeed! And I'm not to speak of our engagement! No, that I won't!"—and there were angry tears in her pretty, dark eyes—"I'm going to answer this letter at once," she added.

"Oh, do wait till to-morrow," Nell counselled, hoping that all might yet come right, "or, if you must write now, don't write in anger! Chaff him about his letter, about the struggle, and all that, and I'm sure he'll see how awfully unsuitably he has written."

Nell was very unwilling that Wilfred Vassie, with all his thousands, should be lost to the family, especially as her sister had talked a great deal about him and evidently liked him very much. The three girls and their brother Jim were orphans, with none too much of this world's goods, and much of their income went at present towards keeping Jim at Harvard. Nell was twenty-two, May twenty, and Amy seventeen. All three were attractive and clever, May particularly so. The previous autumn she and Amy had spent a month with their aunt, Mrs. Armadale, at her New York country home, and it was then they had first seen Wilfred Vassie. He was greatly attracted by May's pretty looks and lively manner, and paid her constant attention, so much so that Mrs. Armadale fully expected an engagement

to follow. In this she was disappointed. The two parted without a betrothal having taken place, and May heard no more of her admirer till the arrival of his remarkable letter.

She declined, then, to listen to Nell's sage advice, and at once wrote the following note—

— Summit Ave., St. Paul.

Dear Mr. Vassie:—I fail to see how my preference in the matter of stones can possibly affect you. Allow me to assure you that your struggles were quite unnecessary—at least, so far as I am concerned. Yours very truly,

April 1st.

MAY McDONALD.

The note was at once put into an envelope, addressed, stamped, and posted. And only then did poor May begin to reflect, and to realize what a poor thing life would henceforth be for her. She had never been so happy in her life as during that month when she had seen so much of Wilfred Vassie. Memory carried her back in particular to the last day of their visit.

A wet morning it was, she remembered, and she was comfortably ensconced in the library reading, when Wilfred had come in.

"Oh, I came for a book," he had said, "but this is much better! Are you awfully interested in what you're reading?"

"No," May had answered, "it's not a wildly exciting book!"

"Then come for a walk, won't you? The rain has gone off, and the wet roads won't hurt us."

May had agreed, and presently they had set off. And now she seemed to remember every word he had said—how he tried to be sentimental, and how some contrary impulse made her chatter constantly and ignore all remarks that savoured of love-making.

"Miss Macdonald," he had said, "this is our last day together. Are you at all sorry?"

"Indeed I am," had been her brisk rejoinder. "Just imagine having to leave these glorious parks for town again! I should like to live in the country always."

"Would you?" he had said. "What would you do all the time?"

"I should ride and drive tandem," she had answered. "I should do the driving, you know, and I'd let my husband blow the horn."

"Let me blow the horn!" Wilfred had suggested, half laughing, but with rather an anxious look in his eyes.

"Oh, no, we couldn't do with a third person," May had answered readily, and had glided off to some safer topic.

And so during the entire walk Wilfred had tried to bring the conversation to what his mind was so full of, but all to no purpose. He had been routed at every turn.

And May thought of all this now, and wondered what in the world the dreadful letter could mean. "He was not conceited," she said to herself. "I never heard him say anything anyone could take exception to. He must be out of his mind to write a letter like that. Ah, well, he's not worth bothering about, and I don't mean to bother about him!"

So May made a brave show, and resolved not to fret. She must be bright and happy to-morrow, she told herself, for Amy was coming, and would expect a proper interest to be taken in all her Chicago doings.

With the morrow came Amy, very full of all her experiences.

"Oh!" she said, "the stores were a dream, girls. It was dreadful having to leave Chicago just as the season was beginning. But never mind! I had a glorious time, and, of course, I'm glad to be home again."

The three girls were talking cosily by the drawing-room fire after dinner. Amy was in the highest spirits. She was a bright, lively girl, very fond of fun, and with a great deal to say for herself.

"What have you girls been doing?" she went on. "I'm thankful to have missed a Minnesota March. I suppose the good old east wind has been dodging round every corner, as usual?"

"Pretty much in the old style," Nell said, "but we haven't had half a bad time. We've been to some splendid concerts."

"That reminds me," Amy said, looking sidewise at May. "I was at a concert in the Auditorium on Sunday, and—guess who sat just in front of me."

"No idea," said both girls. "Who?"

"You might always take the trouble to guess," Amy grumbled, "but I'll tell you. Well, it was just Wilfred Vassie!"

And again she cast a side glance at May, whose face had gone rather white.

"We had a talk after the concert," she went on. "Of course he was asking for you, May—" And then she came to a full stop, her chatter arrested by the sight of May's troubled face.

"Amy, dear," May begged, "please don't talk about him. I never want to hear his name mentioned again."

Amy looked the picture of consternation.

"Why, May?" she said. "Tell me quickly, why?" and it was not only May who had a troubled face.

"Well," May replied slowly, "you may as well know, I suppose. I heard from him the other day, and his letter was one no gentleman could have written. Don't ask me what he said, for I would be ashamed to tell you."

"Oh, May!" the younger sister gasped. "Oh, May, May!"

"Yes, I knew you would be grieved," May continued. "You never saw any—"

thing in his manner that wasn't quite nice, did you, Amy?"

"Oh, May, May!" was all Amy said.

"So you won't speak of him again, will you, dear? You know I liked him, and now I want to forget about him as quickly as possible. I answered his letter, and that's an end of it."

"Oh, you never answered the letter?"

Amy gasped. "Oh, May, you surely never answered the letter?"

"What's the matter?" May said. "Yes, I answered it."

"Oh, May, I wrote the letter. How ever could you think Wilfred had written a horrid letter like that? Oh, May, did it never strike you that it was the 1st of April? You know we always have a joke of some kind that day!"

Poor white May said quite quietly, "A joke—you call that a joke!"

"It was a horrid joke," Amy cried. "Oh, it was a wretched joke! It was vulgar; it was no joke at all; there was no sense or fun in it. May, this is how it was. I was having such a good time, and I was in such good spirits! And I had just seen Wilfred, and he was asking for you in such an interested way. And then I remembered the 1st of April was near, and then—Oh," she broke off, "I know these are no excuses. But somehow at the time it seemed a good joke. I hoped you would laugh, and I never, never wanted you to be taken in!"

"Well, I was," May said. "You have made more than an April fool of me, and there we'll let the matter rest."

"But," the culprit went on, "how could you think Wilfred would write like that? And, oh, the postscript—Your sister was such a jolly little thing!" A little gurgling laugh was quickly suppressed. "If you had thought, May, you might have remembered he never spoke a dozen words to anybody but you. He had no means of knowing that I am really jolly."

"Oh, well, don't say any more about the matter," May said. "I suppose I must bear it somehow."

Amy's little burst of self-defence was over, and she was contrition itself once more.

"Do try to forgive me," she pleaded, "I'll never forgive myself, never! I tell you what," she went on, brightening again, "I'll write and explain how it was."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," May said, a little sharply. And then, seeing that Amy was reduced to tears, she added—"Oh, never mind! I was an idiot to be taken in. I might have known him better. Well, good-night, girls! My head's aching, and I'm going to bed. Don't worry, Amy! It's all right!" And May escaped to her bedroom.

But there was little sleep for her that night. She tried and tried to remember exactly what she had said in her curt note. Yes, now she had it word for word. Oh, why had she not taken practical Nell's

advice?" Nell was always right. And what would he think? Oh, what would he think?

And so it went on, round and round, and this way and that way, till her head ached in thoroughly good earnest, and morning found her with pale cheeks and unslept eyes.

When May's abrupt departure left Neil and Amy together, the two girls looked at each other. Nell had said nothing during the explanation. She was a remarkably sensible girl, and knew how to remain silent when speaking could only make matters worse. She felt that Amy ought to have an elder-sisterly scolding, but she had not the heart to be severe, so disconsolate was the child. And, indeed, before many minutes were over she found herself playing the part of comforter.

"May and I were geese," she said. We might have thought of you and your silly pranks. But how did you manage to imitate Wilfred's handwriting so exactly?"

"Oh, I didn't imitate it. I don't know his handwriting from Adam's! Of course I thought May must know it, don't you see; and so see at once that the letter was not genuine. I copied Jack Ford's writing"—this with a pretty blush—"so that it should appear to be in a man's hand—oh, just to make the joke go on all fours, don't you see!"

"I can't see that it was anything but the poorest of jokes at the best," the staid elder sister remarked, "but I daresay things will come all right. Let's go to bed."

And they did. And the culprit soon fell asleep and forgot all her troubles.

+ + +

The next few days May tried to be cheerful, but her good spirits were so evidently forced that Amy felt more and more guilty. Thursday was so showery that none of the girls ventured out of doors. Nell tried to make Amy amuse them with an account of her theatres, dinners, etc., but Amy could put no spirit into the recital, and the time passed heavily.

That evening they were at dinner when suddenly the bell rang.

"Go and see who that is, Anne," Nell said to the maid who was waiting. Then she added: "I was at Jenners' late yesterday. I expect these are my purchases arrived. I wish these people wouldn't send things at such inconvenient hours!"

But no, it was nothing from Jenners! Somebody was being shown into the drawing-room, and somebody's deep voice said—"Give Miss May my card, and say I should like to see her when she is disengaged." May sat perfectly still.

"It's Wilfred," she said, and her heart was beating furiously. Amy's face was a study.

"Oh, let me go and explain," she cried.

"It's only right I should own up to my silliness."

"Nonsense!" Nell said sharply. "Why should you go? It's May he has come to see. Go at once, like a good girl," she added, turning to May, "go and get it over! You'll see things will straighten themselves somehow."

May gave her a grateful look and left the room without a word. She tried to make her mind a blank. She would not think of the details, or she simply could not face him. As she went slowly into the drawing-room, Wilfred came quickly forward.

"Miss Macdonald," an eager voice exclaimed, "you must please excuse this sudden visit. I had to come. I had to find out what you meant!"

He was a tall, well-built man, not actually handsome, but with a clever, striking face.

May said nothing, and he went on, "I had your note this morning, and I want to tell you that I am all at sea about it, only that it was written on the 1st of April. Did you want to make a fool of me? Have you brought me here on a fool's errand?"

"I must try to explain," May said painfully, "and you must try to be kind and forgive me. I had a letter on the 1st of April which I thought came from you. It was a pro—in fact it was an offer—. Oh, I can't tell you," she broke off miserably, with a crimson face, "the whole thing is too small and absurd."

"You mean the letter was a proposal of marriage, and you thought it came from me?"

"Yes, exactly," May exclaimed, "though, of course, it was absurd to think it came from you. Why should it have come from you?"—she was talking a little wildly—"but there was your signature and I had never seen your handwriting, and what was I to make out of it?"

"It must have been pleasant reading,"

Wilfred said grimly, "judging from your reply."

"Please forgive me," she begged once more, "It was only a deplorable mistake."

"There can be no question of forgiveness between you and me" he answered. "But I confess I should like to know who has been taking my name in vain."

"Oh it was only stupid Amy. She is always brimming over with fun. And she had seen you, and thought this would be a good joke for the 1st of April. Of course it was to be entirely between herself and me. She never dreamed I would be deceived, and indeed, I might have had more faith in you."

"May," he said, "I wonder if I may be grateful to Amy, after all. I wonder if perhaps I have not come on a fool's errand! I wonder whether—"

May moved away from him with a startled look.

"Yes, that was always the way," he said a little bitterly. "Directly I began to speak of my hopes you always turned me aside. But you shall listen now, whether you like it or not."

May's feelings were a little mixed, but on the whole she thought she did like it.

He went on—"Ever since I knew you, I have thought of you and nobody else all day and every day. I have written endless letters to you, but have never had the courage to send one. I was so desperately afraid you would say, 'No,' and that would be the end of everything."

"Oh, I believe you think you have to say this after my miserable note!"

"Do you think so?" he laughed. "Your letter was not so very encouraging, when one comes to think of it! May, tell me if there is any hope for me, and tell me quickly."

And she told him, and then—well, then, we all know how foolish lovers are, and there is no need to enlarge upon the particular foolishness of this particular pair.

ROOM AT THE TOP

By J. A. EDGERTON

There's ever a crowd in the valley.

For the lower a soul descends,
The more it finds of the smaller minds

That seek but their selfish ends;
There's companionship in the valley.

With others your lot is thrown;
But the man who tries for the larger prize
Must travel the heights alone.

He must make for himself a pathway,

Where no other foot e'er trod,
Till he grows complete in contentment
sweet.

As he learns to walk with God;

There is glory upon the mountain.

Though the summit is cold and bleak,
Yet the radiant burst of the dawn falls
first.

Like a blowing rose on the peak.

Then dare the paths of the mountain,

Oh, spirit with God-like fire,
Whose depths are stirred by an inward
word.

To struggle and to aspire,
Be not content with the sluggard,

In the valley of life to stop,
But with purpose bold, heed the adage old:
"There's always room at the top."



EATEN BY THE "GREYHOUND"

A Race With the Rising Moon

By WILL B. HUNTER

simulating the anger of a doting mother toward a wayward child. The one lesson is sufficient. After it the mail cars follow submissively.

Ahead is a field of yellow daisies, above which stands an occasional sunflower, lifting its yellow face high above its less stately sisters. Big "1591" loves the daisies and the sunflowers, just as you come to love them as you dash into the night, for the flowers flash a message of safety and welcome. Big "1591" loves them, and she threads her way among them with the care of a loving gardener. There are hundreds of them in the big field which stretches away from the Union Depot to the edge of the city, and each blinks a sign of welcome as big "1591" passes. Twice she stops to greet the sunflower that lifts her head above the crossings of other roads, and "1591" takes the ten-minute delay good-naturedly, accepting the inevitable.

Beyond Western Avenue the daisies grow less numerous, and "1591" thrills with a new life. Her breath is coming faster now, but regularly and smoothly, like that of an athlete. The warning of her bell alarm is constant, and at close intervals she throws a part of her life into the big tube of brass upon her back and chimes her coming. The pistons plunge faster and faster. The window casings, which before had rattled rhythmically, now simply buzz. The click of the wheels over the rail joints no longer is distinguishable. Big "1591" has twenty minutes of lost time to make up, and she has squared herself for the contest.

On the prairie stretches between the suburban towns a new light is added as the fireman throws open the ponderous door of the locomotive to add fuel to the raging fire that sends its life into big "1591." Each swing of the door is answered by a flash from the heavens, lighting weirdly the sky and the darkness about. Within the cab all is darkness, except for a tiny ray of soft light that falls upon the steam gauge and a thread of yellow that traces the water measure. The flash of the furnace fire blinds, and for an instant the space ahead is blank. Then the daisies show again and the squares of the station windows grow swiftly in size and then disappear as big "1591" rushes upon them and by them. Hundreds of people are at every station and their prolonged cheer

Big "1591," standing sixteen feet on her four drivers, weighing 254,000 pounds, the "greyhound" of the Burlington, just pokes her nose beneath the great arch that marks the exit of the Union Station. Her one big eye stares steadily over a field of yellow switchlamps that dot the crowded yards.

Slowly and regularly she draws her breath, as if saving herself for the race she is to make into the West against the moon, which has not yet shown her pale face in the East. Occasionally she opens her great mouth and a shovelful of black food is thrown into her hungry maw. She had taken a drink of 5,000 gallons down in the yards only a few minutes before, and the food and drink have given her a trembling, singing life.

Once she hissed like a myriad of serpents as some pessimist declared she never could make her schedule to Burlington, and we know what she thinks of a little jaunt of 205 miles in 237 minutes. She knows there are to be but three stops in that distance, and that the honor of the Burlington rests with her. The merry hum of her boiler sings success.

Nine-fifteen comes and goes. Big "1591" had been promised that she might start at that time, and she hisses again when the word is not given. She chafes under the delay for ten full minutes. Then Engineer Frank Bullard gives her a whisper.

Slowly she creeps out beyond the big arch, dragging behind her just three mail cars, each weighing sixty tons. Her breath comes a trifle more quickly. The three big cars pull back to stop her. She gives a snort of derision and jerks them to her.

reaches the cab only as a staccato note, so quickly is the locomotive rushing by.

Again and again these little groups of daisies show and are quickly left behind, and then there looms up ahead a bigger bouquet with a stately sunflower high above the field. With the speed of the wind big "1591" approaches the welcoming lights. A dip down to the Fox River, a sullen roar as the train crosses the bridge, a ribbon of yellow, indicating a line of store fronts, a swerve of the engine as a reverse curve is struck, a single shout from a crowd of more than a thousand people, and Aurora has come and gone. Big "1591" is but two minutes behind her schedule and thirty-seven miles have been traversed in actual running time of thirty-four minutes.

Big "1591" shows herself a diplomat as well as an athlete just as Aurora is passed. A tall sunflower bids her stop at a grade crossing. She slows down, answering Bullard's demand, and Fireman "Dennie" Cullon pokes his head beyond the cab line. "All right!" he shouts just as "1591" comes to a stop, and before one realizes that a stop has been made "1591" is over the crossing. Yet this stop that is not a stop costs the train two minutes of her schedule and she is four minutes behind time. Down to the smooth, steady motion of the pacer "1591" drops, and three and four-tenths miles are covered in two and one-half minutes, seven miles in seven minutes, five miles in four and one-half minutes.

Away in the East a dull glow, surmounted by pale streaks of light, indicates that



needs all her steam. She hums merrily and leaps into the ring of light made by her big eye. She dashes into a bouquet of daisies and sunflowers and comes to a stop. She has beaten the moon four minutes and has overcome the moon's handicap of ten minutes.

In the soft moonlight of a winter night the scene changes. Little ponds, ice-covered, gleam through the naked trees like the dull glow of a moonstone. Rivers become ribands of grayish white, mottled with deeper grays where the shadows fall. The track ahead, which before gleamed bright under the eye of big "1591," is now a gray thread on a brown cloth. Distant trees form mountain lines against the sky and nearer ones become house plants. The rough ditch beside the track becomes a continuous line, as straight as though drawn by a rule. The six-board fence marking the right of way is a ribbon of dull brown, upon which stand out six horizontal black lines; there are no perpendicular markings, for the supporting posts of the fence disappear with "1591" making seventy miles or more an hour on a winter's night.



big "1591's" competitor, the moon, is about to show herself. Mendota is thirty miles away, and "1591" settles down to business. Station lights and small fields of daisies flash for a second and are left behind. The flash of the engine fire becomes more frequent. The pistons plunge with greater rapidity. There are no longer and hisses from big "1591," for she

Here and there in the lowlands, where the sun has wooed the earth less ardently, are little spots of snow, mere splashes of white in the field of darkish brown. A million of little eyes look out at you, sparkling with the happiness felt by the guardians of next summer's flowers. Gradually these specks of snow work into the materiality of your flight. You come



to measure them by the field fences and by the supports of the wires that have you in their keeping. It surprises you to find that these little specks of white cover fields which you know will hold whole blocks of city homes.

The track is straight and smooth, and the engine rides like a wagon upon a well-kept country road. The speed is not what it has been, though nearly a mile a minute, for "1591" is toying with the moon and does not care to beat her badly into Burlington. Little towns flash by, fewer lamps showing in the night, and country houses loom up eyeless in the moonlight. Ahead the yellow daisy field is streaked with white where the electric arc lamps at Galesburg add their light. Big "1591" approaches them carefully and comes to a stop in the very center of the nosegay four minutes ahead of the moon. Forty-three miles ahead is a similar nosegay, and "1591" ends her journey at Burlington five minutes ahead of the moon.

Sutlerland, the "Indian," so named because he makes his engine speed like the wind, has harder work ahead of him with "1103," just as big and powerful an athlete as big "1591."

The towns are fewer and smaller as the train flies across the Iowa hills and dales. "1103" is fresh and well groomed. She skims down the hills faster than "1591" ran when pressed by the moon. Luna is higher in the heavens. The shadows are shorter. The gleam of the ponds and rivers is brighter. Miles in forty-five seconds are being clicked off.

Villages are small boxes of blocks spilled upon the dun carpet of a poor child's home; towns are the spilled boxes of blocks of a rich man's darling. Fields adjoining country houses are no greater in area than the lawn about a city home. Telegraph poles become toothpicks set in a cribbage board. The heavy iron beams of a bridge become the lines of a delicate pattern of lace.

The commonplace world you have known has been dropped somewhere in this mad flight into the gray night. You are no longer a part of it. With the engine riding smoothly all senses save that of sight have left you. Your eyes are fixed through long intervals straight ahead. Into the frame of your little window pictures are fixed and replaced with rapidity that shames the kinetoscope. A new shape in the distance prompts a question to the engineer. You glance across the big boiler, through the darkness, to find him gazing steadily at the pictures that are framed in his tiny window. You speak to him and discover that the noise is deafening. You have not noticed the clang of the bell, the hiss of escaping steam, the awful roar of the machinery during all that dream.

The gray thread winds up and down and around the hills, and you follow it blindly. The daisies are fewer, and bouquets are far apart. On the crooked track the engine sways and jumps. You brace your back against the boiler which forms one side of your narrow house, and your knees against the outer wall, to keep from being thrown from the cab. One wall wears aching spots on your shoulder blades and the other takes the cuticle from your knees. You glance ahead and see the gray thread disappearing down the throat of the engine. You look to one side and see the landscape rushing by like mad. There is no fear. Nerves are at high tension. The excitement is superb. The fresh air is an elixir. The mad rush is fascinating. You wish it might last forever.

At the very height of your exultation a



new form looms up ahead. It is fantastic in shape and there are lights in it. It stands directly in your path not 200 yards away. It is not a station, for none of

these haunts of railroad men has appeared to be across the rails at this distance. It bears red lights, too—the signal of danger. Unconsciously you brace yourself for the coming shock. There is no tremble of your muscles. There is no thought of fear. There is no thought of the wife at home, or of the baby, or of the sins of your past. Every gray molecule of your brain is busy with the same all-absorbing



thought. When shall we strike her? Far back in the trip you have reasoned that an accident at sixty, seventy or eighty miles an hour means certain death—that escape would be a miracle. With death staring you in the face there is but one thought: When shall we strike?

The weird shape at last is reached. It jumps to one side of your track just as you reach it. It leaps at you with its great red eyes. It seems to slap you smartly in the face. It takes the form of a caboose as you pass, and ahead of it and still parallel with you are the cars preceding it. Before you can breathe a sigh of relief another flash tells you that you have passed the engine of the freight train upon the other track. Then you think of the wife at home, and of the baby, and perhaps of the sins of your past.

Hours become minutes in this hurdle race with the moon, and you awake from the dream only when "1103" pulls into Creston, more than half-way across Iowa, after a run of 101 miles. Diffenbaugh, another "Indian," backs down "1612," and in less than two minutes the race is on again.

The pace is slower now, and the way is rougher. We are nearing the rolling ground of the Missouri. Forty-nine miles an hour here means all that sixty did forther back. The pacer which carried you so smoothly in Illinois has given way to a racker in Western Iowa, and you sway from side to side with every curve of the track.

Away ahead is a blunt-pointed top, spinning upside down. It is a water tank when it is reached. Great white specters

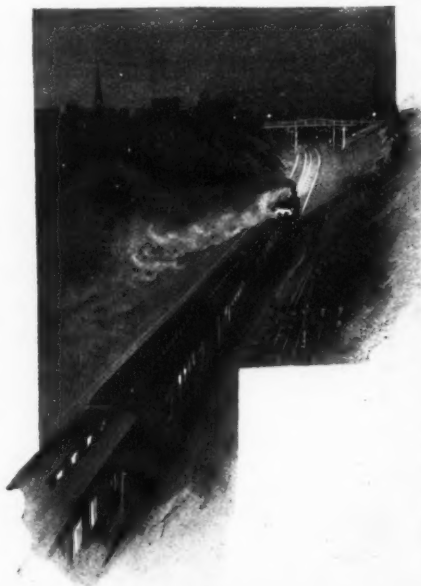
leap up from a chalk mark crossing the tracks. They are white guard gates spanning a sandstone road. A flash like that from a diamond on a lady's hand is seen. It is the answer of a dark window of a wayside station as the engine light falls upon it in that swift rush.

Gleaming from the distance is a glow from a cigar. It grows in greatness and jumps to the side of the track as you near it. Into the cab floats a single whiff of burning wood. The wind is blowing with you. "1612" is running faster than the wind.

Seemingly miles away is a tiny speck of light. It grows larger and rounder with each leap of the locomotive. Compared with the yellow daisies it is a great double rose. Soon it outshines the sunflowers, and you realize that it is the headlight of a locomotive on the adjoining track. You think to call out to the occupants of the other cab as you go by, but when the time comes the engines have passed before you can voice the cry.

Suddenly out of the darkness leaps a great, green imp, full at your face. He springs from the ground, a mere speck, and by the time he reaches the level of the window he becomes a demon of huge dimensions. It is but the green light of the last car of the passing train.

The daisy fields increase in number again. The farm houses are lighting up. The little heaps of children's blocks are oftener met. Away in the East is a new light, a red glow upon fantastic banks of clouds. The moon grows weaker as the



race nears the end. She is due at the goal at 7:55; "1612" reaches the end of her journey at 7:47. She has beaten the moon by eight minutes.

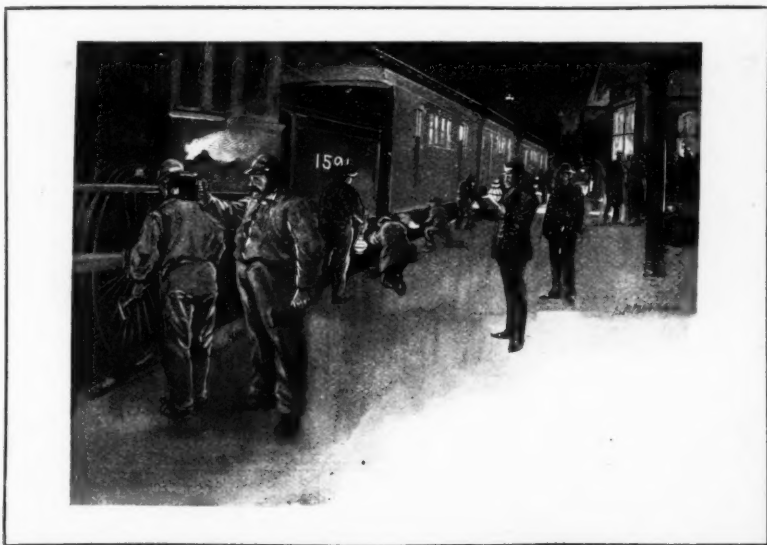
Looking back over the flight of the night, when the bright sunshine has dispelled the romance of the moonlight, your first thought reverts to the flickering lights—the daisies and the sunflowers—and it comes to you that each of these hundreds of gleams is a signal of safety, flashing its welcome not alone to the fast mail but to every train that passes over the rail.

Through moonlight and fog and deepest darkness they give their welcome or their warning, for each is double-faced, though reliable as the day. You think of the hundreds of men whose only duty is to cultivate the daisies and the sunflowers that they constantly may show for safety. You think of the hundreds of men who daily go over the tracks to see that all is right, that every bolt and nut is taut and true. You think of the hundreds of men who every day inspect the great locomotives, testing and trying to insure the safety to the speedy flights. You remember that at every stop of the train throughout that long night a horde of men, with flickering torches and hammers and oil cans de-



scended upon the fast mail, testing every wheel and every coupling and adding oil to the partly emptied cups. You remember how the gates dropped for the protection of the train at every urban crossing, and how the men in the yards swung their lanterns for safety all along the route. You remember the care with which the engineers took every curve of the track and the constant vigilance of all employes throughout the journey. You gradually pick up all the details and the fast train becomes something new to you.

It is a study of speed, sleepless vigilance, unabating watchfulness, care, diligence, and, above all, safety. Throughout the journey of every train thousands of eyes watch for the slightest evidence of danger and hundreds of appliances stand ready to protect. Fascinating, wonderful, unparalleled is this study of safety.





A Scene on Bellingham Bay, Wash.—Page 142



AFTER A WHILE

By ETHEL E. GRIFFITH

On a broad green shelf, half way up a low sprawled mountain in the heart of Kentucky, stands the old family mansion, now crumbling into ruins, of the old-time Pratts, once a large and flourishing family, but now, too, falling into decay and all but extinction.

The mansion stands on the northern slope of the mountain, surrounded by a grove of oak trees overlooking a vale as rich and peaceful as plentiful rains, a friendly sun and tender winds can call forth in shape of fruits and fields and pleasant woodlands.

Far away to the north the long mountains wind, their forest-clad heads merging above the purple dells, the great white clouds floating idly up the chain of hills in a sky of matchless blue, the cool south breezes fringing their edges in continuously varying and grotesque designs.

At the foot of the hill upon which the house stands runs an old stone wall, formerly a handsome piece of masonry, now crumbled and patched with loose stones in many places.

Set in the wall, where the broad gravelly drive leaves the shady trees of the hillside for the bare pasture-lands of the valley, is a double iron gate, still in good repair, and to the left of this is a smaller gate for foot passengers.

The drive-way winds for half a mile "zig-zaggedly" up the hills in easy inclines, reaching the house on the right side and terminating at the stables in the rear.

A broad space around the mansion is almost free from the forest growth, but is not lacking in fruit-trees and evergreens. Near the front of the edifice stands an old marble basin, supporting in its midst a pair of garlanded cupids from whose upheld lily-cups gushes forth sprays of water

caught from a mountain brook on its way to the valley, where it joins its tiny force to a stronger and more placid stream.

It was up this pleasant winding road and up to this hospitable old fountain that I rode my strong, young horse, William, one bright spring morning when the farmers were busy with their plantings and the good wives anxious with their house-cleanings.

I am a chemist in the employ of the government. As a member of the State Experiment Station I was this morning bent upon gaining permission from the owner of this old mansion, to go over his lands in search of lead ore, of which I judged there must be at least small quantities in this neighborhood owing to specimens I had found hereabouts.

I must confess that this expedition was not in any way connected with my official capacity but was solely a matter of personal interest and speculation. As we came to the fountain, William stopped to drink, so I alighted there and when he had drunk his fill, tied him to a young persimmon-tree. In response to the mighty peal of the old knocker, I met with only the echoes resounding through the hall. Twice again I knocked with the same result. Then I went around the house; there was someone near. I was sure, for although it could not yet be nine o'clock; there stretched a line of wet clothes across the three-sided court and the open kitchen floor reflected a recent and vigorous scrubbing. Nevertheless, my knock met with no more substantial response than those at the front door.

Then I went down to where the dilapidated old stables leaned against each other for support, and met with success at last, though an odd enough success to be sure;

for behind two old sorrel horses hitched to a plow, stood a young woman of medium height, with a broad straw hat tied firmly under her chin and a short blue skirt brushing the tops of a strong, rough pair of shoes.

"Good morning, madame!" said I, as deferentially as I could, that she might not think I under-rated her for her rough shoes and masculine occupation; "Can you tell me if Mr. Pratt is at home?"

"No," she said; her voice was one of very great sweetness; "He went to Yardsville this morning; 'is there not something I can do for you?"

"No," I replied, "I only wished to obtain permission to examine the minerals on this place. When may I expect to find him at home?"

"I don't look for him before to-morrow morning," she said, but as for exploring the place, you are perfectly welcome to do so, and I assure you my father will make no objections."

With this I thanked her and turned to go, while she gathered up the reins, clucked to her horses and guided the plow out of the barn-yard and out of sight among the low-arching branches.

Then I set to work and labored all day. Once I saw her during my rambles. I was near the top of the mountains and for a moment stopped to enjoy the beauty of the scenery, which lay as a picture before me, swathed in a faint blue mist. I looked down upon the rambling old roofs of the Pratt mansion and then my eyes wandered to another shelf further down the mountain, hedged in on every side by trees and under-growth, and containing at least seven or eight smooth, bare acres. Here, half way across the plot labored the two sturdy horses and behind the plow followed the girl.

I stood and watched them as they plodded along; they did not lag, and the black furrow against the light sod seemed quite straight. "If they keep up that pace," I said to myself, "they will finish the plot by night." Then I went to work again, for I was on a search and many minute tokens were surely leading me somewhere.

It was only when the sun hung low on a western mountain, streaking the blue and crimson sky with bars of gold, that I remembered I had not yet found where I should sleep. I looked about but in all the little valley could see only one other habitation, and that, as I knew, (for I had passed it in the morning) belonged to a negro family. Moreover, the distance to Yardsville was twelve miles and I was very weary with my day's work; so with little hesitation, I turned my face toward the old house and the lady of the blue skirt; for in spite of plow and rough shoes I had a feeling that this girl was a lady of much refinement.

I whistled to William, who always fol-

lowed near me, and with pockets bulging with trophies of my search, which I meant to assay at my leisure, I and my horse scrambled down the hillside to a road that led to the Pratt mansion. As I entered the court I saw her coming from the barn, carrying in one hand a pail of milk and in the other, her broad-brimmed hat. She walked as one greatly fatigued—whose only wish and fitness is to lie down and sleep, and I was angry with myself for being there to bother her with my questionings.

"It is eight miles to our nearest white neighbor," she said in answer to my inquiry, "and the fords are in bad condition from the freshets. You are perfectly welcome to stay here if you wish. My father would not like it if I did not offer our hospitality, poor as it is, to a stranger in your situation."

"It is kind of you," I said simply; "I hope you will not be inconvenienced."

"Not in the least," she replied so brightly that I accepted the inevitable with far from an unwilling mind.

Then she went to the kitchen and I went to stable William. When I came back I found her outside starting to split some kindlings. "Give me the axe," said I almost commandingly, "and do you go in and rest."

She went in but did not rest, for when I followed a few minutes later she had lighted the lamp, had strained the milk and was peeling some potatoes. I dived into the wood-box and found paper and wood and soon had a cheery fire crackling and snapping in the stove. When I turned around she was looking at me with wonder and amusement in her dark eyes.

"I didn't know gentlemen were accustomed to do such things," she said whimsically.

"By your leave," I said, smiling at her surprise, "I will parade a few of my accomplishments;" and I placed a skillet on the stove.

While I was washing my face and hands in the bright tin wash-basin, she had put the potatoes on to fry; but she let me slice the ham, cut the bread, fetch the milk and butter, and set the table; for dessert we had peach-butter on our bread, and caraway seed cookies.

We said very little as we ate our meal for we were both hungry after our day's work. When we had finished the supper I made her sit by the fire while I washed the dishes and put things in order. She watched me as a theatre-goer watches a play—half seriously and with much humor. "Now," said I, as I put the finishing touches to the kitchen, "am I not an accomplished man?"

"Indeed you are," she answered brightly, and then added with a trace of sarcasm in her voice, "but also a very wicked one, I am afraid."

"How so?" I queried.

"Well," she replied a little wearily (and I wondered if she were thinking of the furrows she had plowed that day), "all the men I know are too good for such work and none of them are very saintly."

I looked at this dark-haired girl with the beauty of fatigue upon her face, who had done a washing in the morning and plowed the balance of the day, and I said to myself, "assuredly, they are no saints." But we both laughed over the pleasantry.

With her permission I went to work on the kitchen table to do some assaying and she brought a rocking-chair to the other side and watched me with interest? As I talked about my work she asked me many questions and we became so interested in the assaying of my ores that we forgot the weariness of the day, and the hours slipped quietly and rapidly away. It was one by the clock when we remembered ourselves and went to our respective rooms.

II.

It was late the next morning when I awoke in the spacious old guest-chamber to which Miss Pratt had ushered me, and it was with no small regret that I left that sweet delight, the great feather-bed; but the sun which streamed in at the eastern windows would have me know that I should leave the enticing realms of Morpheus and bestir myself in his own no less pleasant domain; so when I had dressed myself and shaved before the quaint old mirror, which I dare say had seen the toilet of many a belle or beau for some grand ball or reception, I hastened down the broad oaken stairs, through the hall to the back court and along the veranda to the kitchen, where I found my hostess putting the finishing touches to a breakfast that breathed great joy to my nostrils and happy expectation to my stomach.

"My dear young lady," said I, after the morning greetings, "do you expect us two to eat all that fried chicken and all those biscuits and potatoes?"

"Decidedly not," she answered laughing; "my father and Cousin Richard will make away with no small share of them and you will have more worry that you get enough, I am thinking, than that you will have too much."

This morning she served the breakfast in the dining-room. Placed upon the table of heavy carved oak was a snowy cloth and some fine old china and silver which she brought from an ancient sideboard standing at the upper end of the room.

"If you will step to the parlor I will present you to my father," she said, as she placed the fruit and coffee upon the table; and I followed her, thinking how much a graceful gown and a careful hairdressing will alter a woman.

Mr. Pratt was a gentleman of the anti-bellum regime—too good for work but not

too good to waste the remainder of his substance, small as it was, in something a trifle less than riotous living. His voluble hospitality proclaimed the one; his bleary eye and soft tremulous hand, the other. The nephew was but little more to my liking, good-looking and well-dressed, with all the egotism of general ignorance and the special knowledge of an attorney-at-law.

"By the way," remarked the senior Mr. Pratt, as we four sat down to breakfast, "there was a messenger boy looking all over Yardsville yesterday with a telegram for a Mr. Charles Geoffries; perhaps you are that Mr. Geoffries."

"That is my name," I said, inwardly much vexed; "I suppose that means I must be off to Yardsville post haste."

"You mustn't think of going until you have finished your breakfast," said Miss Pratt, a touch of entreaty in the hospitable command; and for one moment our eyes met.

"No," I said, still looking at her, "I could not leave untasted what promises to be so much to my liking."

I do not know how she interpreted those few words, but the blood deepened in her cheeks, and I remembered that I had not withdrawn my eyes from hers and that Mr. Pratt Junior was staring at me with no very pleasant countenance; so from that time on I minded my manners and also did ample justice to our savory repast.

After bidding the gentlemen goodbye and having saddled William, I came back to the kitchen where Miss Pratt was washing the dishes, and entreated her that I might pay the worth of my entertainment. A look of trouble came into her eyes as I spoke. She hesitated, then, hurriedly, in a low voice, she said: "I would not take it, but my father is in want of money; he would sell the old home if he dared, but that is mine, so now he thinks to sell one of our work-horses and my planting is not finished. If I could satisfy him for a week or so, then he may do as he pleases and I will break in my riding filly to the work. I promise you I will send the money with interest at the earliest opportunity. She paused, her breath coming quickly between parted lips and a mingled look of shame and entreaty in her eyes.

"It will be my greatest pleasure to assist you even the little that I am able," I said impulsively, putting several bills—all the money I had with me—into her hand; "if it is not enough I will send you more, but pray do not think of returning it."

"I will take it on no other condition," she replied, a touch of hauteur in her voice.

"Very well," said I, "and if you should ever lack the substance with which to supply your father again, I would advise you to turn lead miner. Come with me up the hill and I will show you where; but if you do not care to go into the mining industry,

I should like very much to buy this property."

I was, perhaps, not so sure of myself as she was of me, for she wiped her hands at once and I set her upon William's back and off we went, up, up the woody incline, until we were near the summit. "Here," said I, half mockingly, rearing a little monument of stones, "is the place I would advise you to stake your claim."

She marked the place with her eye and we turned and descended the hill; at the fountain of cupids I took her down from the saddle and I do not know whether it was her fault or mine that the dismounting occupied several seconds longer than it probably would have done, had a groom been in my place.

How be it, I rode away down the leafy winding road, and once I looked backward and saw her standing by the fountain, her face set in my direction.

At Yardsville I found my telegram from our universal uncle, ordering me to the Experiment Station of Wisconsin, and in a few days I had left the blue skies and sunny pasturelands of Kentucky.

III.

A year passed away during which time I was very busy examining the copper resources of Wisconsin, and all this time I received no word or letter from Miss Pratt. It was very probable that she had written to me but that in my continual changing of abodes, the letter had gone astray; so I thought little about the matter.

All by chance, therefore, it was that I met her on the campus of Ann Arbor, where I had gone to attend a convention. She was dressed very simply in black, with but a trace here and there of crepe; yet there was no sorrow visible in her eyes or countenance, and I think I am not conceited in saying that her expression was one of great pleasure as we met.

From my inquiries I learned that her father had died a few months before.

"You do not know how much I have to thank you for my present comfortable circumstances," she said; "I have turned mine operator in truth and with the help of the books to which you referred me, and old Uncle Nick, I got out enough ore to pay my university expenses for a year. I suppose," she added, "you received the remittance I sent you some time ago; I gave it to Cousin Richard to forward. It was the first money I had received for my ore, and as I had never sent a money-order before I gave it to him; he knows more about such things."

"Didn't you receive my acknowledgment," I asked in feigned surprise.

"No," she said, and there the matter dropped, for I believed her true and she evidently thought me honest.

I had ever admired this girl of endurance, this woman of great energy; her ut-

ter loneliness in the world touched me and her staunch independence was a stimulant to my own endeavors.

During the next few years, although deeply engrossed in a mineral survey of the State, some pretext drew me now and again to the great university. My little friend had grown into a magnificent woman, but, strange to me, her beauty drew small following and she seemed as much alone as when enshrined among her Kentucky mountains.

It was the night after her graduation that we chanced to meet at a reception. She was more beautiful that night than I had ever seen her before, her gown was of black organdy, simply made and relieved only by the purple of the violets she wore at her belt; but her face was unusually white and cold. Beside her stood her cousin, Richard Pratt, talking to her steadily, though she did not seem to heed him. I made my way to them to congratulate the woman for being what she was, and the man for being near of kin to such a woman.

"Yes," said Mr. Pratt rather curtly, "my wife is certainly an enterprising woman; Elisabeth, please remember what I said about Mr. Walcot;" with this he turned on his heel and walked away.

I looked on in undisguised astonishment. The man had not noticed me, but the woman, meeting my glance, drooped her eyes.

"Please take my arm, Mrs. Pratt," I said; and we went out into the garden.

"You have not been confidential with me," I said, after a while, as we paced slowly down the moon-lit walk; "you might at least have given me opportunity to offer my best wishes for your happiness."

"It is rather late for them now," she said a little wearily; "I have been married for over ten years; when I was sixteen our families insisted on the union and we were fools enough to consent."

We walked on in silence for a little while, then, lifting her head and squaring her shoulders: "But we knew enough not to live together with such cold hearts, and I am not beholden to him for a single cent in all the world." Presently she broke out: "But why I should be boring to you with personal history, I do not know; perhaps it is because I have known you so long and am in debt to you for what little wealth I have."

I asked her about her mine— was operating it in her absence and he was turning out.

"A Mr. Walcot has it in charge," she replied; "I would not keep him, but he proves a very good manager and one; I cannot say much more about him."

I did not question her further about the subject was a distasteful one. I saw her.

"Now that I have finished the engineering course," she continued, "I shall turn operator myself;" then half absently she said: "I wish I had a partner."

"I wish I might be one," I said. Our eyes met for a moment—and we knew it could not be.

All this happened more than four years ago, but it was only a month past that I read in the newspapers of a duel between Richard Pratt, of Yardsville, Kentucky, and Jim Walcot, operator of the Pratt mines, in which the former was mortally wounded. Then a great yearning took possession of me to see this lonely woman who had for so many years been the theme of my few idle moments and whose memory was refreshing to me.

Rain had been drizzling all day and the roads were a series of pools and rivulets; nevertheless, my heart had a strange gladness in it that had not been there for many a long day; my thirty-five years seemed not twenty-five; I could fairly say not nineteen, and I could not but sing fragments of some late opera which had caught my fancy.

I passed up the winding road and paused once more at the fountain while my horse drank his fill from the over-flowing bowl. It was past the time for lamp-lighting and there was but one light in the house—a bright, flickering flame, dancing in one of the great parlor windows. I rode up as near to the window as I could for flower-beds, and looked long at the sole occupant of the room—a woman, not dressed in mourning, but who seemed to mourn, for the dark head was bowed upon one hand while the other lay idly in her lap.

I took my horse around to the rear and put him in charge of a young negro, then went to the front door and once again awakened the echoes of the great hall.

She came to the door herself, and although she must now be near the age of thirty, she had the grace and energy in her movements of a girl of twenty.

"The years have slipped by quickly since I last saw you," she said; "I have grown to be quite a business woman in that time. 'Yes,' she went on in answer to my inquiries; "it was all very dreadful and I can never blame myself sufficiently for having been the cause of it all—though certainly a most unwilling cause. You see, Mr. Wal-

cot, my chief operator, was not as attentive to his business as he should have been and my husband, though he cared very little for me, was overzealous for our good name; it was all very sudden and terrible, I assure you. And that reminds me," she went on a little embarrassedly, "of a confession Cousin Richard made to me near the end of his life, for his soul seemed burdened with many petty misdoings. He told me that nearly eleven years ago the money I gave him to forward to you was never sent, though for what reason he did not say."

I could imagine, for I remembered well the look he had given me at that breakfast table many years before, when I had gazed so earnestly at his beautiful young wife, not knowing that she was his wife; and I thought I understood, for I knew his disposition.

"It is of no moment," I said; "I pray you will dismiss the thought from your mind."

"No," she replied, smiling brightly; "I will not dismiss it; I have reckoned the interest and I must confess so large a debt rather staggers me; I fear I shall have to give you a share in the mine in payment, for pay you I will or ever be ashamed to look you in the face hereafter."

"Then," I said, "I will let you pay me."

She did not look at me but smoothed the folds of her soft blue dress and gazed at the embers on the hearth.

In this manner we sat for half a hour, each knowing the other's thoughts, each content to sit there saying nothing. It was only when the fire needed mending that I rose; I placed the hickory sticks over the andirons and then stood leaning against the mantle—looking not at the fire now, but at the face of the woman whom I was free to love.

It was not long before I drew her eyes to mine, and her too, for she came and stood near me, toying with a bronze cupid on the mantle; and I know not whether it were her fault or mine, or the Cupid's, that as on that day when I lifted her down from William's back, standing by the fountain, my arm had clung around her waist and her cheek had touched mine, that now I drew her to me, not to let her go this time but to keep her, and with her, to enjoy the beauty of the love we had so long perforce kept hidden.

And we were satisfied.





A Storm on Bering Sea Page 148

THROUGH EASTERN LANDS

VI. Insulinde

By R. van BERGEN

If you speak with a Hollander about the immense island empire in the Far East which his forefathers, after a war lasting eighty years (1568-1648) took from Spain, and which, with a brief interval, they have ruled ever since the dawn of the 17th century, he will dwell lovingly upon the expression at the head of this chapter. Insulinde! Island India; can any word be more expressive or sound more sweetly? It is an island empire covering a larger area than the British possessions in Asia, and peopled by thirty-five million Malays.

There is no more enticing voyage than that from Singapore to Batavia, over an island-dotted sea and under a tropical sky. The service is maintained weekly by the small but very comfortable steamers of the Koninklyke Paketvaart Maatschappij or Royal Packet Navigation Co., which connects with the German mail, and the French Line maintains a fortnightly service, connecting with their Far-eastern steamers. It is a short voyage, less than two days, but our Holland friends appreciate the fact that they have no competition, and charge \$30 for a single trip or \$45 for a return ticket. Still they furnish very good accommodation, excellent service,

and the cooking is perfect. They also throw in the scenery, by way of cumshaw, as the Chinese have it.

The harbor of Batavia is small, and enjoys a very bad reputation. It is notoriously unhealthy and sailors, compelled to remain on board, are given immense doses of quinine; for once the local malaria obtains a hold, it is very difficult to expel it from the system. The boat lands at the wharf,—at Tanjong Priok, the natives call it,—and the train is in waiting to take passengers and baggage to Batavia or Wet-terreden. Since the hotels are in the last named place or its vicinity, we continue there and drive in an open carriage to the Hotel des Indes.

Space seems no object in the construction of buildings and nobody objects. Indeed, in this hot climate plenty of air is a first requisite, and there is no stint. Glass doors and windows are rarely used. The guest in the hotel has two rooms, a sitting room and bed-room. The latter has a couple of windows at the back, with wooden cross bars to prevent thieves from entering, and since the doors are always open, there is usually sufficient air current to keep the rooms fairly cool. Each guest



Macassar, Netherlands, India



High Street, Macassar

has also his share of a very broad verandah, where he can lounge in the easy chair provided for that purpose. I shall not refer to this hotel again, but will close with the remark that the hotels in Netherlands India are the only places of the kind in the entire Far East which are really comfortable, and where the guests are not charged outrageous prices. They are kept on the American plan, and the charge is uniform, \$2.40 per day.

Batavia, the old city founded in 1619 is about three miles distant. A street tramway, drawn by a locomotive furnishes fairly good communications, although the little carriages, drawn by native ponies are preferable, especially if one can speak Malay or Javanese sufficiently to be understood.

I notice that Mr. Colquhoun in his latest work entitled "The Future of the Pacific" after giving his views upon Dutch colonial government which, upon the whole, are favorable, pitches into the Hollanders with complaints which are wholly imaginary. He fancies that he was surrounded by spies whereas probably not a single official was aware of his visit, and it is dollars to peanuts that not ten of the people had ever heard of him. The facts are these: There is not the slightest hindrance in landing, and the customs officers are satisfied with a negative answer to the question: Have you any fire arms? I had three trunks, and none of them was opened. But the law requires that a stranger,

within three days after arrival shall appear at police headquarters where his name, country, and place of residence are asked. He pays a stamp duty of 60 cents, and soon after he returns to the hotel, he receives a permit to move about wheresoever and whenever he pleases. And this is absolutely all there is to it.

The first call from an American is usually made to the U. S. Consul. The present incumbent, who has held the position for a number of years, either as consul or as deputy consul, has certainly evinced considerable patriotism. All our consuls are wretchedly underpaid. The office at Batavia pays \$1,000 a year, half of which goes for house rent. Most people will say: "Well, that is good enough for a thousand a year man," but I ask: Do you want the great and rich United States to be represented abroad by a cheap man? None of the principal consulates in the Far East should be paid less than \$12,000 a year, and that salary would be no inducement to anybody who knows anything about the climate, the mode of living, etc. This is God's country, my friend; and an exile, even of only four years, especially in such abominable holes as are found in China, should be paid for. I write in sober earnest: I would not take the consulate at Singapore or Hong Kong for \$35,000 per year, at least not without an adequate pension, and I am strongly of the opinion that even then I would decline.

Well, Mr. Raiden at Batavia has \$1,000 a year. Several of his predecessors came in trouble and one, I understand, committed suicide. If Raiden had to live from his salary, he and his family would starve; but, as he represents a life insurance company of New York, and that office apparently pays better than Uncle Sam, he can afford to let the people in Batavia know that there is such a day as the Fourth of July.

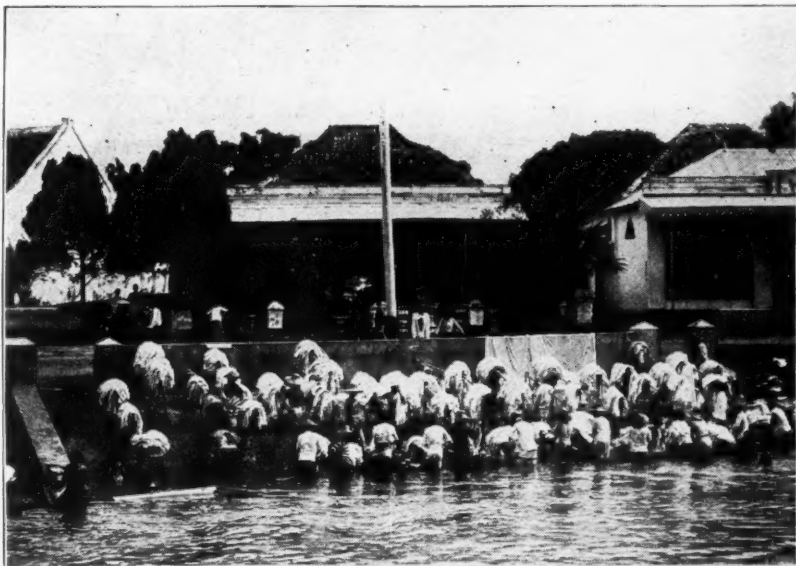
My heart aches whenever I think of some of the United States consuls in the Far East; and I have more respect for the politicians who scramble for the consular "plums," and who, when they discover how sour and bitter they are, face the music and take their medicine. But did you ever hear of a returned consul re-entering politics? I did not. A burnt child dreads fire. "I had exactly \$168," said another United States consul to me, "when I took charge of this consulate, and I shall be glad if I have \$100 when I return to the States." Why did he leave Hoosierdom and his celery farm?

The Hollanders, like the British, have experimented with underpaid officials, and have come to the same conclusion that men who receive inadequate salaries are apt to supply the deficiency whenever opportunity offers. When the Governor-general of Netherlands India, during colonial times, received a salary on the principle of republican simplicity, he managed to feather his nest so well that a very short term rendered him a very wealthy man. At last it was resolved to allow him a truly royal salary, and speculation on his

part stopped. Since then the salary has been cut down, but still it is larger than that of the President of the United States, since he receives 132,000 florins per annum or \$52,800, and his allowances for furniture, traveling, entertaining, etc., are upon a more liberal scale. He has, besides, the use of three vice regal palaces and, after he retires, enjoys a pension for life.

I really do admire the Dutch system of pensioning. It does not cost the country anything; it is a source of revenue. The salaries are liberal, and so are the pensions,—but, a more than sufficient percentage of the salary is withheld for "the pension fund," so that when the official retires he has really paid in a sufficient capital to secure him the amount of his pension as interest. Upon his death, his pension ceases, and the administration comes into the unencumbered possession of the capital. Dismissal for cause naturally releases the government from any claim for a pension.

A walk through old Batavia containing the public buildings, the banks and large mercantile offices, causes a feeling exactly the reverse of that of Rip van Winkle. We are back in the sedate seventeenth century; I doubt if there has been a change. The first settlers brought Amsterdam with them, and planned and executed an exact counterpart. The same sluggish canals, and boats poled along as if steam and electricity were still concealed within the womb of time. In the heights of business hours we may see one or two men, dressed in white, walk sleep-



Laundry Workers, Batavia

ily along the principal canal; of American activity there is not a spur.

"You have been an eye-opener to us," said one of the business men to me. I had come for a purpose and, as we do such things in America, lost no time in accomplishing it. Just prior to my departure from Batavia a sale of rare postage stamps was announced in the papers, and as I have a young hopeful at home who looks to me for adding to his collection, I determined to attend it. The landlord of the hotel informed me that public auctions usually begin at 8 A. M., and I was on time, but there was no sign of a start. Approaching one of the gentlemen connected with the auction, I requested permission to see the stamps and he courteously consented. It happened that this was the head of the firm, and I inquired when the sale was to begin.

"At ten," he replied.

"Well," said I, "then I shall be conspicuous for my absence, as I don't propose being roasted alive. But," putting aside six or seven sheets of really rare stamps, "what will you take for these?"

"Why," he answered, "they will be sold to the highest bidder; I can't sell them privately."

I figured what I thought was a fair offer in Holland money, which is two-fifths of American coin, and proposed paying that amount. My friend grew excited, and protested that he could not make the sale.

"Now, look here," I said. "It strikes me that the only consideration for you is if you can get more for them by putting them up. If so, keep them by all means.

But if you think that you can't get so much, why, sell them to me."

"But," he said helplessly, "it is against all our rules and regulations."

"O!" I suggested pleasantly, "I will throw all those rules and regulations into the bargain." The auctioneer looked at me doubtfully, took the money, and let me take the stamps.

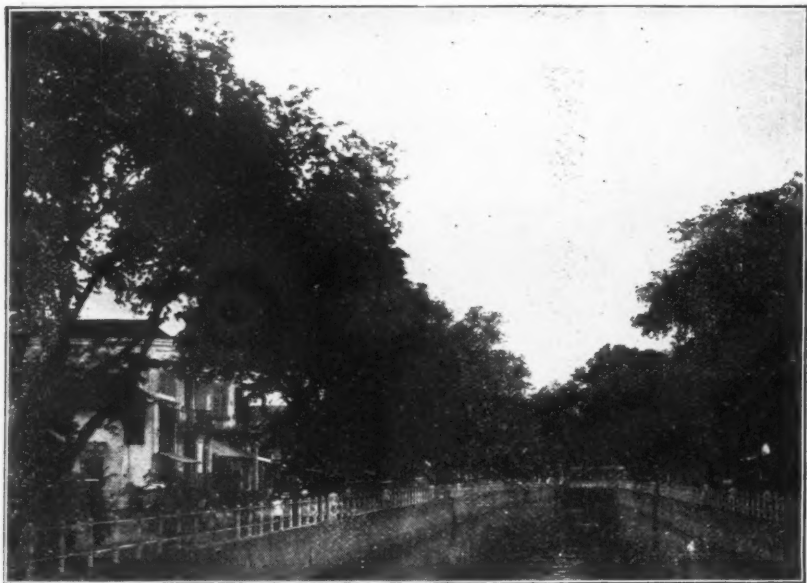
"Do you know the impression you have made here?" asked an American acquaintance at the club.

"That of a lunatic?" I suggested.

He laughed. "No! Mr. v. D., one of our richest landowners asked if all Americans were go ahead? 'If they are,' he continued, 'send us some Americans; we need them.'"

Steady, sedate, honorable, and industrious, the Hollanders have made of the island of Java, with its teeming millions, a garden spot. I doubt if there is a place in all this wide world where life and property are more safe than here; and this notwithstanding that the native of Java has an innate talent for stealing and cultivates it to the utmost extent. I had an experience of it which cost me just \$10, and as a trick it was worth the money.

In a small handsatchel I had seventeen sovereigns, since English gold is the very best medium throughout the Far East. I had counted and repaced them when the "boy" came in to clean the room. I remained in it, and kept my eye on the satchel since it was unlocked. There was not a single suspicious movement by the "boy," but when he had finished his work, and went, two sovereigns had neatly disappeared.



The Noordwyk, Batavia

THE PASSING OF CLANCY

A Story of the Philippines

By W. B. HENNESSY

As the boom of the sunset gun came over the waters of Manila bay the band on the Luneta broke into the "Star Spangled Banner."

The white garbed, smart looking, officers in the throng of promenaders came to a stand, and stood with cap on the left shoulder. It was still early in the strenuous period and the habit of honoring the flag song that had grown out of national enthusiasm was still fresh on them.

The strains died away and in the rapidly gathering dusk the crowd resumed its dawdling promenade.

It was a scene worth watching, that evening promenade on the Luneta. It might be equalled in any one of a half dozen cities of Southern Europe, but it was still new and full of attraction to the Americans, whose position as friends or invaders had not yet been settled. Manila was for peace and trade, the Filipino of the hills and the swamps had not yet made his position clear.

"Number 23," said Greve, the band leader. It was hot. The men swore at each other cordially and earnestly, safe in the knowledge that Greve shared their feelings and that their language was not understandable by the beauties, growing dusker in the swiftly falling shadows, about the band stand.

"Hurry up with the torches and let's get this thing over, Duffy," growled Greve. He saluted an officer who stopped at the edge of the stand. The officer smiled and nodded as he returned the salute. Then he stepped over behind Greve and said something in a low voice.

"That so, sir?" said Greve. "Thank you. I'm glad of it."

"Knew you would be; you can tell the men," returned Captain Morton, turning away.

"Put a little gimp into the 'double Eagles,'" said Greve looking up and tapping the music stand. "It's the last time you'll play it for this mob. Orders have arrived." He swung his baton. He might have picked a more opportune time for making the announcement. Half the men went off false. Greve glared and pulled them together. Clancy's clarinet was obviously beyond his control. Old McKay reached over and kicked Clancy cheerfully in response to the look he caught from Greve.

"I split the reed," said Clancy. And he quit.

"You're a liar," whistled old McKay into his flute. Clancy looked around and let his eye rest on a little figure down by the side of the stand.

While the applause was still rattling around them Clifton, the drummer boy, who by reason of his forty-seven years, and because he had been reduced four times from the rank of principal musician was a man of consequence in the band, went over to Greve.

"When do we go?" he asked.

"Day after tomorrow."

"Where?"

"You can search me," replied the chief musician. "I don't care a d— either, so long as we get off dress parade and away from so many different kind of niggers."

So they played through the list of Sousa's marches to the disgust of the musicians and the great delight of the inhabitants of our new possessions who held Sousa to be of the great ones of the earth.

"You squared yourself after that first break, Clancy," said Greve when they were packing up. "What are you going to do tonight?"

"I got a pass," said the boy. He was a handsome youngster, and he could play a clarinet. Greve did not ordinarily set much store by the way a man played a clarinet, but then there were few men who could play like Clancy.

"I know you have, but what's the use? You better keep away from that woman. I have, under favor of a paternal government and by virtue of Milwaukee enterprise, come into possession of one case, containing twenty-four quarts of beer. It is being frapped and guarded by a Chino boy. You had better come back to quarters."

Clancy shook his head. "Beer won't do me any good."

"Then go to the devil," said Mr. Greve, "and if one of those dagoes takes a shot at you see that the clarinet is not injured. We can replace you." Clancy grinned and two minutes later he was following the little figure in the white skirt and black shawl. She had leaned against the band stand throughout the concert and let Clancy play the clarinet to her. As he came up beside her and she turned her face to him Clancy felt that he had not sacrificed too much when he put aside one moiety of a case of cold beer to be with her. She used up two-thirds of all her

English in saluting him, "Elo, Jack," she said.

"Dolores!" said Jack Clancy and he took her hand. And the two were at the end of their spoken communings. But that language that is understood by all young things and needs no interpretation in words was fairly exhausted in the look Jack bestowed on her and which she returned with all her half civilized soul in her great eyes.

* * *

"Did Clancy show up?" asked Greve as he dropped into place in the next to the last file of the band the second morning after. The men were in khaki, accoutred in heavy marching order.

The regiment was paraded to the left of them, also in heavy marching order, and under the inspiration of the fervid sun of a clime some thousands of miles farther east than the "shiny East" each hero was asking of himself the question: "How long will it be before I can conveniently dump this kit?"

"He did not," said Clifton.

"May the devil fetch Clancy," remarked McKay, groaning under the unaccustomed weight of his kit.

"I can see where Clancy draws a general court," said Greve. "And we really need that clarinet." Then he swore at the memory of Clancy and added something about Filipino maidens. "Here comes the old man. I suppose that we are due for the national anthem." And the regiment went out of Manila with the band shy one clarinet—as was patent to those who knew the requirements of that inspiring military masterpiece. "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town."

* * *

The straggling street lined with dirty huts and known to contemporary military authorities—as well as to the natives—by the name of Catangas was even more squalid by comparison with the neatly set rows of tents into which it ran at one end. The additional appearance of squalor was quite unnecessary for nature and the man Filipino had made it as squalid as one could desire.

It was brutally hot. Mr. Greve, who sat in the open door of his tent and applied terms of profane disrespect to the new regimental quartermaster who had deprived him of the tent fly which he had acquired by means known only to the experienced non-commissioned officer, was wretched. He called up all the energy at his command and spoke a name.

From out of the grass behind the tent rose up a Chino boy, who, without further orders unrolled a blanket lying in the sun, produced a bottle, brown in color and promising in the beads of perspiration that stood out upon it. It was cool by virtue of the process of evaporation in

a wet blanket known to campaigners. He handed the bottle to Greve, who looked at it affectionately before uncorking it. He was thinking of the comfortable house and the many bottles in the ice box at Snelling before manifest destiny moved the soldier man to a front beyond the frontier.

He was still indulging in the joys of retrospection and anticipation as he looked up. Then he dropped the bottle, rose to his feet and his hand went up in the salute.

The officer returned the salute and then changed his course. He was met half way to the tent and put out his hand. Captain Morton had become a major in the two years that had passed since he told Greve that night on the Luneta that orders had arrived. But he liked Greve frankly and his new honors didn't weigh very heavy on him. Besides he was a human being as well as a major and being human he must needs have a thirst—though it wouldn't be fair to say that he stopped only because he saw the bottle.

"You ought to beat the head of the commissary of the Eighth army corps, Greve," he said. The chief musician grinned and looked down at the bottle.

"I generally find a way, sir," he said.

"I got back from Manila this morning," continued the officer, "and there isn't a bottle of beer beside that in the camp."

"Perhaps there is," said Greve.

"I thought you might like to know about that court," said Morton.

"I understood you were sitting on a general," said the band leader. "Have the findings in Clancy's case been announced?"

"Don't let me interfere with your having a drink while it is cold," said Morton, looking down at the bottle. The cork was pulled, Greve grinned and made to offer it to the major who was silent. He reached out, took the bottle put it to his face and the sahara of his thirst was dissipated in a gush of Milwaukee dew. The muscles in Greve's throat twitched and then relaxed as Morton handed over the bottle with a motion that meant "finish it." Greve did so without ceremony. Then he came up stiff.

"There were no findings in the Clancy case. They had the wrong man." Greve looked his astonishment.

"But everybody in the regiment saw him after he was taken."

"Everybody was mistaken then. There can be no question of the finding, sir."

"No, sir," said Greve meekly.

"The fellow had consumption," said Morton. "He was sallow as a Spaniard and hadn't the strength to respond to the charges. He was accused of desertion and stealing government property, he took away a clarinet." Greve nodded. "The

fool kept the clarinet and it was found on him—on the accused man, I mean."

"He didn't try to make any defense. The hearing was closed when the orderly announced that a woman wanted to be heard as a witness." Morton stepped into the shadow of the tent.

"I hope never to spend another such a quarter of an hour," he said. "She was a beautiful little thing, and she carried a beautiful child in her arms. She was scared, wild with terror. She was sworn formally and then called on all the saints in the calendar to witness the truth of what she said. Then she fell on her knees and declared in Tagalog, Spanish and a bit of English that she knew Clancy, that she had married him two years ago. He was the father of her baby. She offered the baby for inspection. And she swore most positively that the accused man was not Clancy."

"Language failed her, she struggled to her feet and before I could stop her she

put the little brown, half naked, baby on the table before the court and pointed to the youngster and to the accused, who was gray in the face."

"That man is not the father of my child," she said in Spanish. Her gesture of disdain was fine, Greve."

"And what did the court do, sir?"

"Well she fell on the floor and begged and we had her taken out screaming and struggling."

"Clancy—I mean the man—had the kid in his arms when he fainted from weakness."

"The court was unanimous in agreeing that it was a case of mistaken identity. The man died and was buried Sunday. The girl and the child were at the grave I hear. I was thinking, Greve," he added as he turned to go, "that if I knew the address of Clancy's mother I'd send her word that it was not her son who was captured."

"I was thinking, sir," said Greve.

THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAINS

By JAMES C. CLARK

I saw the mountains stand
Silent, wonderful, and grand,
Looking out across the land
When the golden light was falling
On distant dome and spire,
And I heard a low voice calling,
"Come up higher, come up higher,
From the lowlands and the mire
From the mist of earth-desire,
From the vain pursuit of pelf,
From the attitude of self.
Come up higher, come up higher—
Think not that we are cold,
Though eternal snows have crowned us;
Think not that we are old,
Though the ages die around us;
Underneath our breasts of snow
Silver fountains sing and flow:
We reflect the young day's bloom
While the valleys sleep in gloom;
We receive the new-born storms
On our rugged, rock-mailed forms,
And restore the hungry lands
With our rivers and our sands.

"He who conquers inward foes
All the pain of battle knows,
And has earned his calm repose.
Countless aeons ere their races
In the cycles took their places
We were groaning to be free
From our chains below the sea
Till we heard the sun—our sire—
Calling, calling, 'Come up higher,'
And we burst our prison bars,
And from out the mist and fire
And the ocean's wild embraces
And the elemental wars
We arose and bathed our faces
In the sunlight and the stars."



Summer Pleasures—The Prize Catch of the Day

OUR GREATER AMERICA

The Philippine Islands

R. L. MARTIN

When the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, America was born. Then was formed the nucleus of the sturdy New England states that presently had a firm foothold on America's Eastern coast. From that day to the present the United States has steadily expanded until, today, one flag floats over the best and richest part of the North American continent.

Westward and ever Westward, from the Atlantic rolled the tide of commerce until it reached the shore of the sunset sea. There it paused, confronted by the wide Pacific, beyond which under existing conditions it could not go. In its wake followed progress, expansion. New states sprang into being; great cities clustered at every point of vantage; a Northwestern empire took form and shape.

The fertile soil and mechanical ingenuity of America produced in time incalculable supplies of everything demanded by the needs of mankind. Great wheat fields poured out a flood of grain too vast for home consumption; thousands of mills and factories produced enormous quantities of manufactured articles of every description; the cotton states were ready to clothe three times the population of the country.

America became an export nation. But surplus products could find an outlet only to the East. England, the largest buyer, dictated the price of American flour, American cotton, American iron, American la-

bor. Restricted trade and idle capital bred low wages, strikes, industrial dissension, panic.

An unexpected and unlooked for occurrence solved the problem which had assumed national importance. War, the greatest of the world's colonizers decreed that the flag of America should fly beyond the seas. Dewey's guns, throwing shot and shell in the name of humanity, unwittingly unbarred the doors of the Orient. Sampson, Schley and Shafter, intent only on bringing justice to the oppressed, battered down the walls of the Indies.

By the side of Mercy entered also the eager feet of Trade.

Through the smoke of battle shone a new light. It was the rosy dawn of expanding commerce, which, even now, begins to brighten into full sunshine.

It lights the path to fresh markets, to outlets for surplus manufactures; it promises more customers, better prices.

It assures a wider sale and higher prices for grain, iron, steel, cotton and wool.

It will unquestionably reinstate the United States in her once proud position as the possessor of the world's finest merchant marine. Already the stars and stripes begin to climb to the mastheads of splendid vessels of American register. Over hitherto strange lands the same flag waves, assuring peaceful progression, good government, ever-growing commerce.

Discovered by Magellan in 1521, and named after Philip II. of Spain. As in the case of the Hawaiian islands, the discoverer lost his life at a later date on one of the islands, at the hands of natives. They were first settled in 1565, and until 1898 have been a Spanish dependency.

The islands are almost due West of the Hawaiian group, slightly further south and, hence, more tropical in climate and vegetation.

They are about 800 miles East from China and with Borneo form the Eastern boundary of the China sea.

There are a large num-

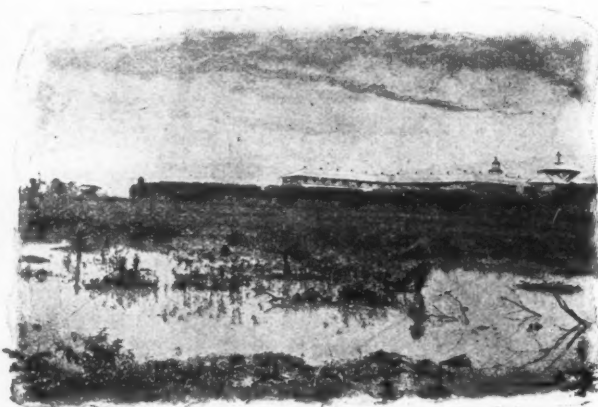


Street Scene in Manila, P. I.

ber of islands in the group,, believed to exceed 1,400. The general outline of the whole group bears a remarkable resemblance to that of the British isles, although the Philippines extend to a much greater distance North and South. This similarity will be immediately apparent by referring to a map of the islands. The total area is about 113,356 square miles, with an estimated population of 8,000,000, composed chiefly of Malay and Negrito tribes. The general



Native Plowing a Rice Field with Water Buffalo



Moat and Part of Wall, Old Manila

character of the islands is mountainous and there are a number of active volcanoes. Luzon, the largest and most important island, has almost the same area and population as Ohio (more precisely, area 40,875 square miles, population 3,500,000.)

Its chief city and the principal city of the islands is Manila, the seat of government. Manila was captured by the English in 1762, but was ransomed for £1,000,000 and restored to Spain in 1764. It is 650 miles Southeast from Hong

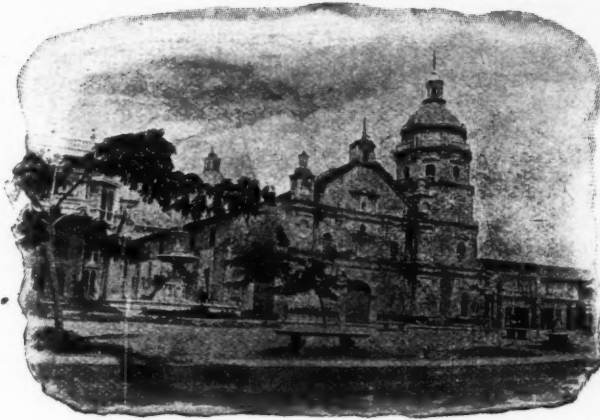
Kong, 1,400 miles from Singapore and 6,500 miles from Seattle. It is a city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, of whom 60,000 are Chinese, 4,000 Europeans and the balance natives. The whole European population of the islands including Spanish soldiers is less than 5,000.

Chinese merchants largely control the local trade.

There have been numerous insurrections on the islands, the last one breaking out in 1896, and continuing until the present time. The principal pro-



Tobacco Plantation of Foreign Resident



Spanish Catholic Church, Manila

ducts of the islands are hemp, sugar, copra (dried coconut), tobacco and rice. Hemp is the most important industry.

No official figures are to be had giving amount of imports. The most reliable data is the record of a large business house in Manila, which has furnished the following approximate figures: Gingham, prints, yarns, £780,000; ironware, etc.,—the Chinese "muck and truck," £230,000; drills and similar fabrics, £300,000, or total of about £1,610,000, which is about equivalent to \$8,050,000 in American money. With coal and petroleum the total imports are not far from \$18,000,000. This leaves a trade balance in favor of the islands of some \$23,000,000, that being the excess of exports over imports.

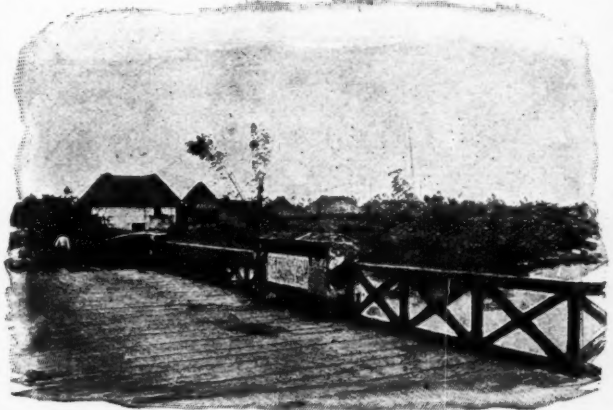
Hemp is grown to the largest extent on the island of Luzon and other islands to the South. It supports a large proportion of the population. There appears to be no danger of over-production, and this is the opinion of the best posted traders. The entire product is exported. Cordage factories should do well. Practically all the trade is in the hands of foreigners. Some of these are Spanish but the bulk of the merchants are British, German, Belgian, and American. These men have not meddled in any way with the insurrection. Of other manufactured articles there are silk and cotton fabrics, hats, mats, baskets, furni-

ture and pottery. Few of these are of any considerable commercial value.

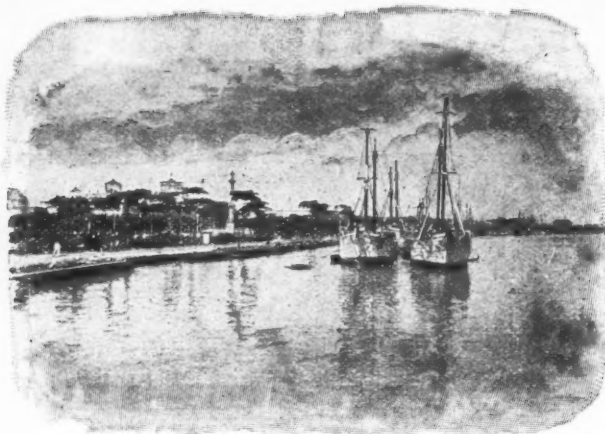
In several of the islands a fair amount of mineral wealth exists. Two coal fields have been located, the larger one in the South of Luzon, the other extending over the islands of Cebu and Negros, probably passing under the strait of Tanon. An out-cropping of 10 to 20 feet thick on Luzon has given good results as steam coal. Iron ore of excellent quality has been found at various places. There are but few foundries, however, and less activity than a century ago. Copper mines oper-

ated by a company formed in 1862, show 16 per cent of copper, 24 of sulphur, 5 of antimony and 5 of arsenic. Gold is generally distributed but in small quantities.

Aside from their commanding position as the key to the trade of the Orient the Philippine islands offer numerous opportunities to American capital. The great industries of hemp, sugar, indigo, coffee, etc., hold possibilities of enormous fortunes for many pushing young Americans. United States' imports of hemp from the islands average \$2,500,000 yearly. There is great wealth in indigo, and fortunes are yet to be made out of this traffic. Sugar, coffee and tobacco will undoubtedly be taken in hand by pushing Americans. The first to do so will become independent in a few years. Spices will also be a source of large revenue. This is particularly true



Bridge and Native Houses Near Manila



River Iaranque and Shipping

of pepper, an industry that is very much at home on the islands, but which has been almost destroyed by Spanish methods.

The islands produce marvelous quantities and varieties of timber. Forests of immensely valuable hardwoods abound. Ebony, mahogany, logwood, teak and other tropical woods are in endless supply.

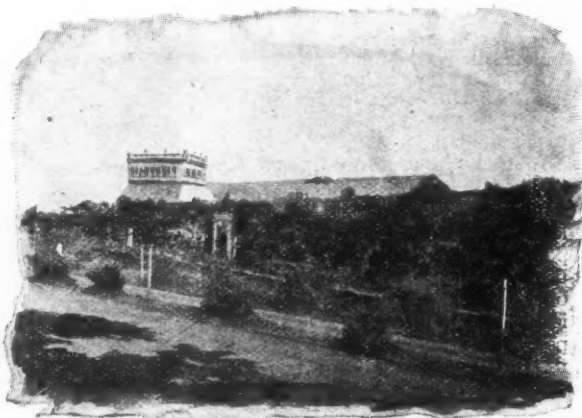
What the animals lack in variety they make up in numbers. The list includes civets, wild cats, monkeys, the porcupine, wild boar, deer, buffalo and rabbits. Deer are found in large numbers on the mountains. Goats, rabbits and the wild boar are distributed through all the forest regions. Small, hardy horses and domesticated buffalo are used for field work. Cattle and goats are common.

There are many hundred species of birds. Parrots, cockatoos, hornbills, mound-builders and woodpeckers fill the forests with the bright colors of tropical bird-life. Alligators abound in some

localities. Fish are numerous on the the coast. Butterflies exist in great beauty and variety. Termite ants are very destructive.

The North and South limits of the Philippine group are as far apart as the North of England and South of Italy. Naturally there is some diversity of climate, though the general features are everywhere tropical. In the North is the region of typhoons. There are three seasons, a cold, a hot, and a wet. The first is from November to March; fire is not required, but

woolen garments are worn with comfort; this is the best part of the year. The hot season, from March to June, is somewhat oppressive; terrific electric storms occur during this season. Rain falls in torrents during the wet season, June to November, and lowlands are flooded. During eight years records of total rainfall showed 67 inches, distributed over 113 days.



Part of Wall Around Old Manila

THE CHANGED ROSE

The white rose leaned her stainless heart
To the red rose at her feet;
Ah, never was red, red rose as false,
Or white rose half as sweet.

She breathed, "Beloved, I shall draw
You up to my own fair height,

Then shall we laugh at a mocking world
When my red rose blooms white."

I of the mocking world, leaned out
As they touched my window sill,
And I saw a white heart crimson stained,
But red was the red rose still.

—Florence A. Jones.

HOW TOM EVANS STAKED A CLAIM

A Story of the West

By J. CRAIG

Tom Evans sat on an empty box in the general store at Basin, Idaho. Two prospectors walked in and showing some samples of very rich quartz, stated that it came from Thunder Mountain. Little was known of that region at the time, but the news soon spread, and a new "excitement" swept over the state.

No one expected Tom to take any interest in the news, of course, for the very reason that he never was known to take an active interest in anything. He was indolent, careless and happy; could play the fiddle fairly well; but his capacity for manual labor was limited. However, to the great surprise of all, he became infected with the "fever" also, and announced his intention of "going to Thunder" with the rest. His companions hurled an avalanche of crude jokes at him, but he came up smiling, and the end of April found him on the trail with a couple of pack-animals in front of him and the fiddle under his arm.

No definite route to the camp had been established at that time, and, as the trip was considered an extra hazardous one, it was freely predicted that he did not possess the required nerve and resolution to land him at his destination.

Among the many arrivals who began to pour into Basin was one Colonel Breece of New York City, accompanied by his charming daughter, Pauline. She was seventeen, beautiful and accomplished, and the first thing she did was to throw the natives of Basin into spasms of astonishment by her feats of equestrianism. So, when the Colonel made it known that he was going to the new camp and take his daughter along, no surprise was expressed, as she seemed in every way qualified to make the journey, despite her delicate appearance.

* * *

Tom sat in a lonely cabin gazing silently at the fire. Having left the animals behind and taken to snow-shoes, he had traversed a dreary waste of snow that day and reached the deserted cabin just as the sun sank from his view behind the mountains. Taking up his violin he began to play, but the music, mingled with the dismal moaning of the wind, did not sound natural. Laying it down again with a shudder he went outside. It was a clear night; the moon-beams glistened on the snow; the pines rocked and swayed in

the wind; and he could hear the weird howling of hungry wolves in the distance.

"Heavens! I wish something would happen to break the monotony," he said, aloud. The sound of his own voice in the solitude startled him, and, as he turned to go inside, a terrific crash sounded from the other side of the hill. A moment later a scream of terror broke the stillness; another scream, and he recognized it as a woman's voice. Hastening to the top of the hill, he soon saw that a snow-slide had occurred, and surmised that some one had been caught in it. Returning quickly to the cabin, and putting on his snow-shoes, he went with all possible speed in the direction from whence the sounds came. When he reached the bottom of the ravine where the snow was packed, the clear moonlight revealed to him the prostrate form of a woman. She was almost unconscious, but he quickly revived her.

"Save my father!" she exclaimed, feebly. Before he could reply a movement was felt beneath the surface, directly under his feet. Tom reached down and began to remove the snow with his hands in a desperate manner, and soon had a man's head and shoulders free.

"That's my father," moaned the woman. She knelt down and pleaded for him to speak, but no answer came.

"Oh, God! is he dead?" she cried.

Tom placed his ear to the man's mouth. "He is still breathing, ma'am," he said, "and if we can only get him out, we can bring him to alright," he continued, reassuringly.

"But I must go for a shovel, I'll soon be back—so don't be afraid."

He dashed off, while the brave little woman watched over the almost lifeless body of her father, with two other unfortunates buried near, and the wolves snapping viciously around her. In her anxiety for her father's safety, she had not yet told Tom of the two men, who had been engaged to pack their provisions, and of their being caught in the slide with them.

After a few minutes of the most dreadful suspense and fear, Tom returned and soon had the colonel released. They moved him with great difficulty to the cabin; a fire was soon made and some whiskey administered, with the result that he was completely restored within an hour.

Pauline made him acquainted with the circumstances of their rescue, adding that

they both owed their lives to the courage, coolness and perseverance of Tom.

Colonel Breece's voice was shaky, and his eye moist, as he thanked him profusely; but Tom in his quiet way said, "It was nothing."

"Oh, papa," said Pauline, "it makes me shudder when I think of those two unfortunate men who are buried out there; and to think that you and I came so near meeting the same fate," she added, with a grateful glance at Tom.

"If we could procure some help we would try and recover the bodies and have them taken back," replied her father. "But you need rest; compose yourself my dear."

Tom very gracefully tendered her his bed, with an apology for its appearance, and she was soon asleep. The rest of the night passed without more adventure, and when morning broke, Tom was awakened by hearing voices outside. He opened the door, and there stood "Curly" Brown, guide and trail-blazer and "Henry the Swede."

"What! you here, Evans?" queried Curly.

"Hush!" said Tom coming out. "There's a man and woman in there—a Colonel Somebody, and his daughter. Pulled the old man out of the snow last night;—had a desperate time;—two more in it yet."

He went inside and woke the sleepers, saying that help had arrived.

The Colonel went out and greeted the travelers, telling them that he was overjoyed to find assistance at such an opportune moment. Curly and Henry proceeded to get some breakfast for the party. During the meal Colonel Breece announced his intention of returning at once to civilization, and, at his earnest solicitation, Tom agreed to return with them.

After breakfast, the Colonel, Curly and Henry went to the scene of the disaster, to get the bodies out, while Tom remained at the cabin with Pauline.

One of the bodies was found, after probing in the snow, and brought to the surface. Curly recognized it as that of Jim Phelps. The snow had melted for two inches around the head, showing that breathing had continued for some time. Curly gave as his opinion that, without snow-shoes, he could have saved himself, as the body was in an upright position. But he was held in a relentless grip, and the agonies he suffered will, of course, never be known.

The other was soon found; but, in his case, death had been instantaneous. No snow was melted around the body, but an expression of ghastly fear still overspread his features, indicating that, having heard the slide start, and in looking around for the danger, he was caught and buried before he could turn his head back to its natural position.

The awful suddenness with which slides start, and the great velocity they attain, give the victims who are fated to ride on them very little chance for escape.

Pauline and Tom passed the time very comfortably in the cabin. His philosophy and good humor pleased and entertained her. At times, when contemplating his fine stature, dark wavy hair and brown eyes, she almost forgot their surroundings. She admired the gallantry he displayed in her hour of peril, and the modesty with which he received her thanks.

When everything was in readiness to move, Pauline, her father and Tom went on in advance, Curly and Henry having volunteered to bring out the bodies. It was a gruesome and difficult task, but one to which those hardy mountaineers were not unaccustomed.

Bodies are usually sewed in rawhide and dragged over the snow. In this case, however, the fallen timber prevented the use of this expedient, and they were forced to carry them on their backs, with the arms placed over their shoulders.

In toiling up the hill a moose trail was found, which made their labors much easier. When traveling, the male of these animals takes the lead, place their head against the snow, and press forward until their great antlers become full; then throw it out to one side. In this way a trail is made over good distances in a remarkably short time.

"Don't think we can make The Meadows to-night, old man," said Henry. "Guess we'll have to get under a tree," replied Curly. "It's nasty business, but may be the poor stiff's would do the same for us if we were in their fix," he added.

Before dark they stopped under the spreading branches of a great pine—and there beneath the rays of a melancholy moon, the living kept their vigil over the dead, throughout the long and silent night.

The Colonel, Pauline and Tom passed safely away from the snow-line and reached the valley. One more day's ride would bring them to Basin. Pauline with her father was riding in front, with Tom bringing up the rear. Presently she dropped back. "Are you coming, Mr. Evans?" she asked, laughingly.

"Yes, Miss Breece, I am trying to keep up, but you are too excellent a horse woman," he replied, gallantly.

"Why don't you call me Pauline?" she queried, raising her blue eyes.

"I only wish I had that privilege," said Tom.

"Well, you have my permission if"—"I only had your father's" added Tom.

She did not answer, but the profusion of blushes which overspread her pretty features told him plainly that he might ask Colonel Breece's permission, also. When the party reached Basin, and Tom's friends inquired if he had staked a claim, his answer was: "Yes, and a good one."

THE UNITED STATES REGULAR

How the Soldier is Fed

By ROBERTSON HOWARD, JR.

Only five years ago the entire country was stirred up over the question of the soldier's food. Every paper in the country printed page after page on the subject and people discussed it in street cars, and at tea parties and in church. Yet not one person in every thousand knows how the regular soldier is fed. Most people think that he eats beans, salt pork and hard tack three times a day the year in and the year out. As a matter of fact the soldier of the United States Army is one of the best fed men in the world. The Russian soldier eats black bread and bean soup; the Turk eats what he can beg, borrow or steal; the English Tommy Atkins has his roast beef; and the German soldier has sausage and beer; but Uncle Sam's regular has a course dinner served in bulk and followed by dessert.

Each soldier receives what is known as a ration, and the army regulations say that a ration, "is the allowance for the subsistence of one person for one day, and consists of the meat, the bread, the vegetable, the coffee and sugar, the seasoning, and the soap and candles components."

One man's ration for one day consists of twenty ounces of fresh beef or mutton; eighteen ounces of flour or soft white bread; half an ounce of baking powder; two and a half ounces of beans or peas or rice; sixteen ounces of potatoes or five ounces of any fresh vegetable;

one and one-half ounces of coffee; two and a half ounces of sugar or syrup; vinegar, salt and pepper; and soap and candles. That is the soldier's ration and it certainly sounds dry and uninteresting, does it not? But see what it can be made to do. No man can eat nearly two pounds of meat in one day or eighteen ounces of potatoes or nearly two pounds of bread. Nor can he use all the coffee or sugar or baking powder. So these things—that part of them which is not used—is sold back to the commissary who buys them back at the price the Government is paying for such articles at the time. Then all the profits of the post exchange are divided up among the different companies. The money together with that received from the sale of the rations is devoted to what is known as the company fund. This fund is devoted to buying extras for the soldier's table.

Soldiers draw their ration every ten days and when the company commander wishes to draw he makes out the following blank which is known as a ration return:

"This form is to be used for a company, a detachment, civil employees, etc., and a separate ration return must be made for each class.

No. 612. (Commissary's number.) Ration return of G. Company 21st Infantry at Ft. Snelling from March 1st, 1903, to March 10th, 1903.



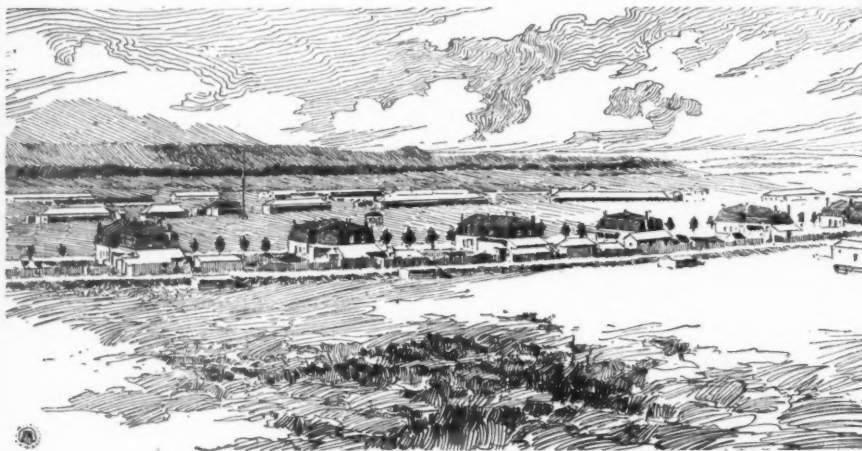
Target Practice at an Army Post

No. of persons present, per morning report	62
No of days.....	10
No. of rations.....	620
Add rations for men who are shown by morning reports to have joined after last issue.....	12
Total	632
Deduct rations drawn for men who are not shown by morning report to have left after last issue.....	20
No. of rations required on this return	612

The blank then closes with a table headed "Other Subsistence Stores Required," under which head comes the articles required and for the period required, commencing, ending; then the number of animals, quantities and where to be used or by

back to the commissary officer. In three months one company—G of the 21st Infantry—made \$1111. from the sale of the rations they could not use. More than that amount was received as its share of the post exchange profits and with the two amounts this company ran bills in the city with a butcher, baker, milkman, grocery and laundrymen. As a result of all this they lived well.

Every day the quarter-master sergeant makes out a bill of fare for the next three meals and after it has been approved by the company commander it is entered upon the slate in the kitchen. A file of these bills of fare is also kept in the orderly room. That you may see how well the Company lived I will give you in full a bill of fare for three different days; one a holiday, the other two ordinary week days. Washington's Birth-



A Frontier Army Post

what company or troop required. The articles enumerated are as follows: Flour, vinegar, candles, ice, lantern candles, matches, toilet paper, coarse salt.

I certify that this ration return is correct and that the last regular issue of rations was made by Capt. H. Hall Comsy, at Ft. Snelling, and included date of Feb. 28th, 1903.

C. R. HOWLAND,
Capt. Co. G. 21st Regt. of Inf.

Approved: The persons present and the additions and deductions of rations agree with the morning reports.

The commissary will issue on this return.

COL. JACOB KLINE,
3-965 21st Regt. Infantry, Comdg Post."

The company quarter-master sergeant then sends some men with little hand carts after the rations and when they arrive he separates what is required for the use of the company and sells the rest

day. Dinner. Oyster soup with crackers, roast beef, mashed potatoes, brown gravy, tomatoes, celery, apples, bread, pickles and tapioca pudding.

December 22nd, week-day. Dinner. Beans baked with bacon, vegetable soup, cucumber pickles, bread and pie.

For breakfast that day the men had mutton stew, bread and coffee, and for supper they had hot cakes with syrup, stewed apples and bread and coffee.

On December 17th also week day this company had beef a la mode, bread dressing, boiled potatoes, vegetable soup, bread and water.

But the great dinner at the military post as every where else comes on Christmas. On this day beside each man's plate was a little menu card and the bill of fare for dinner read:

Celery, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, gravy a la turk, crack-



Artillery Practice at West Point Military Academy

er dressing, mince pie, currant cake, ice cream, oranges, bread, tea and cigars.

There are certain rations that cannot be sold back to the commissary and which the men must eat. Among these is salmon which is issued in cans. It is the very best grade of salmon and the only reason the men do not take kindly to it is because in the Philippines they lived largely

from the exchange goes into the company fund so that when the sale of beer was prohibited it proved a direct loss to the men as it cut down their money allowance for food. Now when the soldier wants to buy a glass of beer instead of going to the post exchange to get it he goes to one of the four or five saloons that stand just across the border from



U. S. Regular Parading the Streets of Duluth, Minn.

on fish both fresh and canned and now hate the very sight of fish in any form.

Before the sale of beer in the post exchange was stopped by act of Congress the companies lived much better than they do now. The reason of this was because a very large profit was derived from the sale of this beer, the profit once each month being divided up among the different companies. All money received

every military post in the country. The result is that the man running the saloon and not the post exchange gets the profit from the sale of the beer. This profit amounts to about seventy-five per cent on all money expended, with the result that seventy-five per cent of his money goes where the soldier never sees it again, while in days when beer was sold at the post exchange this seventy-five per cent

on every dollar spent for beer came back to the soldier in the form of the food upon his table. It now goes into the pockets of those men who keep the low dens that entice the soldier to leave the borders of the post and enjoy his beer.

If you were to step into the kitchen of any of Uncle Sam's barracks you would see a wide, long room so clean and orderly that you might mistake it for any room but a kitchen. On one side you would see two huge army cook ranges with a cook and two assistants with white aprons and hats leaning over them stirring huge pots of boiling potatoes and apples. They will swing the oven doors open for you and let you see the great pans of roasting beef or mutton. On a small, white table a man is cutting into many slices several great loaves of sweet, white bread.

The company quarter-master sergeant is the non-commissioned officer in charge of the rations, the kitchen and the dining room. He reported to me in the kitchen and I told him I wanted to see his pantries and the root cellar. Getting a lantern he led the way down the steps into a dark cellar. Here stood barrels of sauerkraut, and bins of potatoes and onions and other roots. After inspecting the cellar we came upstairs again and the sergeant showed me his huge ice box which contained cold meat, hash, pickles and many other things. Then we went over to the pantries. These pan-

tries are the size of an ordinary room and contain everything that one can imagine.

When the Fourteenth Infantry was in China in 1900 these pantries were the wonder and admiration of the British officers who used to buy supplies for their own mess from our soldiers. During the days when beer was sold in the canteen these pantries contained fruit, all sort of canned goods, such as oysters, lobster, chicken, peas and corn, glass jars of olives, tea, cans of sardines and prints of butter. Nowadays the pantries do not contain half as many good things as in the old days but they still hold more than the pantries of any other army in the world.

In the English army the sergeants have a mess of their own but in our army they eat with the privates and all fare alike. The tables from which the men eat are of the cleanest and whitest, and after the meal is over the dishes are placed in the wash room beside the kitchen and carefully washed and wiped. Then they are put away and once each day are inspected by an officer. If a speck is discovered upon a glass or a bit of grease found on a dish it means a sharp reprimand for the men in the kitchen.

The feeding of an army is of the greatest importance, for the soldier who is fed well will be able to stand the hardships of the long marches and go into action fresh and eager. In this way wars are won.

THE GOLD IN THE PAN

By L. A. OSBORNE

I took a piece of rich ore from the mine
And crushed it in a mortar floury fine;
Then in a gold-pan washed it, till re-
mained

A sandy sediment with iron stained;
And mingled with it shone bright specks
of gold.

Gleaned tiny nuggets pleasant to behold.

This was the first time it had seen the day,
Since ages past it had been laid away
In rocky fastness, and I was the first
To see it freshly from its prison burst,—
Fair sight; for unto man, though freed of
all
Intrinsic value, gold's a seneschal.

And here, thought I, in my possession lies
Beyond a loss by drouth or pouring skies,
By man's own law absolved from loss by
trade

For gold is lord of it—the yellow shade
That rules the world; a chic of wealth new
born

To be the miser's god, and no man's scorn.

Curious, I swished it in the shallow pan;—
Innocent metal, guiltless of all plan
Powers beneficent and baleful too:
To aid or harm; yet man bestows on you
Fairest of metals! from the farthest age
Quest of cupidity and warfare's rage.

Then whimsically thought, "you may be
part

Of some design to idealize an art;
You may be portion of a fortune fell
To wreck a nation, how am I to tell?"

Right here I swished the stuff into the
stream,

Quitting at once my "prospect" and my
theme.

THE SWIMMIN' HOLE

On the fer side of yon corn patch
Whar the crick meanders by
The knotty oak and under bresh
Fringe banks where mosses lie.

'n the widenin' of that lazy stream
Deep in the bowery shade
Makes swimmin' hole, so natural seem
That naught else could be made.

Thar lots of boys played truant
On a hot and sizzlin' day
Just gathered 'round like varmints
To while the time away.

Oh! the bouncin' an' the plugin'
An' the splashin' 'n the spray
Some a divin' like a ducklin'
Others hollerin' like jays.

Say! fer fun thar's nuthin' like it—
Nuthin' under sun I say;
'Pears like fitin' every minit,
But 'tis only boisterous play.

Sure 'tis sumthin' jolly scrumptious
To be swimmin' on the sly—
To be free 'n light 'n joyous
Jest like airy birds that fly

Free from care or worry;
Free to hop 'n skip 'n play;
Free in thought, 'n fact 'n fancy—
Child of nature evry day.

So 'tis sorter 'kind o' jolly
As I see the boys at play
To muse on truants folly
As he swims the day away.

—C. E. Boyden.

THE HAUNT OF THE SABLE KING

By CHARLES LEWIS KINGSBURY

"A southerly wind and a cloudless sky!" Mrs. Theodora Hasbrook sang blithely, turning from the window and her inspection of the outer world, toward her husband.

Mr. Hasbrook, from the pages of the paper that he had not been reading, looked up absently: "Well?" he queried.

"Well! I should say it is well! What a delightful change from the deluge of rain we've been having lately. Isn't it?"

"Certainly. Yes; of course," was the gloomy response.

Mrs. Hasbrook crossed the room and seated herself at the little table opposite her husband. "Hugh," she said softly; "Do tell me what's troubling you. It's something about business, I'm sure, and you know very well that you can trust me. Besides, I am & Company."

"I know, and have got brains, in addition. But—it isn't exactly a trouble. I'll tell you. You may be able to see a way out of the muddle."

"Muddle. That's worse than trouble."

"That definition may be incorrect, too. I'll tell you and you may classify it to suit yourself. Here's the case. When I bought this coal land—six months ago; it was honeycombed then, as now, with abandoned drifts and tunnels. The coal is there, all right, but it has been, from the first, slightly worked. Very little, comparatively speaking, has been taken out. The mines were opened fully twenty years ago. The original owner was a Southern gentleman with plenty of money and a taste for research, apparently. He went to great expense in the way of putting in machinery, opening mines, and bringing families from the South, for he had a taste, also, for colored laborers. It seemed, though, that as soon as he got a tunnel well timbered and coal was beginning to pour out of it, he would abandon it and begin in a new place. He was like a restless fisherman, always sure, no matter how good his luck, that he could do much better somewhere else. After awhile he tired of the whole business and, instead of disposing of the property to some one who would make it useful, he simply went off and left it. The negroes that he had brought stayed. The men found work at other places in the vicinity and so matters went on for years. In fact, until the original owner died. At his death the property fell to two brothers, nephews. They were ambitious young

men and they determined to re-open the Sable King Mines. Well, now comes the tragedy—perhaps you have heard the story, Theo?"

"Vaguely; I never got it clearly."

"It is clear enough—and sad enough. It was because of the tragedy that the property came within the limit of my resources. Do you recollect that hill, a mile or so to the south, with the three little maples standing in a row on top?"

"And the ferns, bracken and maiden hair, growing so thickly along the slope? Certainly."

"As you noticed the rank growth of ferns you'll understand the more readily how a man, especially if he were a stranger looking over the ground for the first time, could step unwittingly into a hole. That was what poor young Tom Carlton did. But the hole was the half hidden mouth of an old shaft. How deep the shaft, no one knows for the body was never recovered. Some negroes walking along on the roadway, saw him fall and hurried to the rescue. Finding that they could do nothing, unaided, they brought help. Within twenty-four hours the whole countryside was assembled at the mouth of the shaft. But they could do nothing."

"Why was that?"

"Because of fire damp, that's what they called it, although it seems to have been peculiarly deadly, even for that. I fancy there are a good many unclassified gases in these old coal mines. The brothers were devoted to each other and young Carlton's fate nearly drove the elder brother insane. He had the old shaft closed up and then he advertised the property for sale. That's how I came by it."

"I understood, to put it plainly, that the previous owner's calamity was our opportunity, but I don't see yet where the muddle comes in."

"You have an unconsciously lucid way of stating things, Theo, dear. The calamity that was our opportunity has, in some way, turned the negro miners against us."

"How can that be?"

"That's exactly what I don't understand. But a reason for a negro's superstitions is not needed. For some reason that none of them will explain they are, or have been within the past week, leaving by the dozen."

"There are plenty of other men, I

should hope," said Theodore, with spirit.

"Yes; but I am anxious to keep the people who have their little homes on the property and whose fathers and mothers have lived here before them. It is unpleasant to believe that, because of some intangible offense on my part, they should just decamp."

"It is, very. It was on that hill—Three Maple Hill, the negroes call it—that the landslide occurred, wasn't it?"

"I believe so. What took place was hardly worth dignifying as a landslide. A few tons of earth, loosened by the heavy rains, slid down into the valley, that was all."

As an instance of terrestrial insecurity this seemed to Theodore quite enough, but she made no comment. Hugh had come in late and the tray on which she had brought in a little lunch for him still stood upon the table at his elbow. She picked it up and started toward the kitchen with it when Hugh inquired abruptly: "Why don't you ring the bell for Annie? Let her do that."

"Annie's out."

Because his busy life really gave him very little time to spend at home, Hugh liked to have his wife with him during that time. "Let Belle do it, then," he persisted.

"To tell the truth, Belle's out, too."

"Quite a family outing! Did they expect to be gone all night?"

"I've been asking myself the same question. They went over to the Settlement to visit Belle's mother, who, it seems, is about to leave."

"About to leave!" echoed Hugh.

"Why, she has lived in that little cabin at the foot of the hill for upwards of twenty years. Carlton's agent spoke of the family, in particular. Her husband, Nutt, was one of the men that the first Carlton brought up from the South. Hugh was evidently much disturbed.

"Never mind!" said Theodore, lightly, "We're bound to get to the bottom of this exodus business sooner or later."

"No doubt, but, for financial reasons as well as others, I hope it will be sooner."

"It's ten o'clock," Theodore announced, as she returned from the kitchen. "It's quite useless for us wait up for them. I'll leave the kitchen door unlocked. No one ever locks doors here, anyway."

"Well, I hope they'll have the grace to return before breakfast time," Hugh grumbled.

"There'll be no more breakfast times for them in this house if they do not," returned Theodore decisively.

Belle, the cook, was at her accustomed post in the morning. She prepared breakfast and served it herself. Theo-

dora made no comment upon Annie's absence, but, after the meal was over and Hugh had gone, she went into the kitchen to investigate. She found the kitchen table piled full of unwashed dishes and the stout cook herself down upon her knees before an open trunk into which she was packing, with more dispatch than caution, various articles of wearing apparel belonging to herself and her daughter, Annie.

"What on earth does this mean?" Theodore demanded.

Belle got upon her feet, but, not to lose time, she snatched off her big apron and, rolling it into a compact wad, tossed it into the trunk as she hurriedly explained. "Hit means that we alls goin' away, honey. Tony Brown, he's comin' d'rectly, with de hoss an' waggin to tote we alls trunk. That's why I'se packin' in sech a hurry."

"What are you leaving us for?"

Belle glanced cautiously around the room and through the open doorway, as she replied: "We alls ain' got nuffin' agin you, Miss 'Doorer, honey."

It was evident that the cook was greatly excited. The morning was delicious. A breeze, cold and fresh, blew in at the open door, softly lifting stray locks of Belle's kinky wool, but the perspiration streamed down her dusky face, nevertheless.

"We alls ain' got nuffin' agin you, Miss 'Doorer, honey!" she reiterated helplessly.

Theodora, whose patience was none of the longest, stamped her foot impatiently.

"I don't care whether you have or not! You shall not leave this house without telling me why you wish to go, and, while you are about it, you may tell why the colored people are leaving the mines, anyway."

Belle looked at her determined young mistress, the tears slowly gathering in her big eyes. "We all ain' got—" she began, but stopped at a look from Theodore.

Down the road a warning whistle, accompanied by the rattle of approaching wheels, sounded. Belle began to sob: "Dere comes dat scamp, Tony, as is allways in sech a tormentin' hurry, an' we alls trunk ain' pack!" she wailed.

"There is no occasion for packing it unless you answer my question. Tell me, and I shall not interfere with your going, in any way."

"I—I jest cayn't, Miss 'Doorer!" Belle sobbed. The sobs augmented as Tony's warning, "All aboard!" sounded from the driveway. Theodore sat down. "Tony is likely to have a long wait," she remarked.

Belle snatched her sun bonnet from

its nail behind the kitchen door and flung it spitefully after the apron; her sobs were suddenly checked.

"You all's all alike!" she declared, bitterly. "Ain' got no bowels of compassion! Well, den, I tell yo' w'at I'se goin' away for."

"I'm listening," Theodora prompted, as she paused.

"Yes! Well, I'se goin' 'cause I wants to!"

"That isn't true. Neither you nor Annie can have any reason for wishing to go. I must insist upon you telling me the truth, Belle."

The stout cook wrung her hands in distress.

"I do' no's hit's 'lowed for we alls to tell," she quavered. "But—it 'peared agin' las' night. Dat was the reason we all didn' come back 'fore daylight. 'Spouse it had took a notion ter foller us?" Her black, troubled face took on an ashen hue and a shudder shook her frame. Theodora was quick to recognize the reality of her terror.

"What frightened you?" She asked kindly.

"We all do'an know's hit's 'lowed fer us to tell. Some, day t'inks it is warnin' of we all not t' wuck fer Mas' Hasbrook. But mebbe hit ain' his fault; mebbe he jest a ninstrumen', an innocent fool—I means tool," she blundered, evidently struggling with ideas that some other mind had furnished her, and then she burst out incoherently: "I'se cayn't tell you no more, Miss 'Doorer, honey. I'se 'feard but my ole mudder, she knows a heap more'n I does, an' she ain' 'feared to talk."

Theodora caught at the suggestion eagerly. "Very well, I shall go over to see her at once."

She went to the kitchen door and called to the waiting Tony: "Tie your horse and go to the stable and harness the black mare to the open buggy for me, Tony. Be quick, if you please." And Tony, the self-assertive, obeyed with meek alacrity.

Mrs. Nutt was seated outside her cabin door, smoking a corn-cob pipe and keeping a watchful eye upon the household effects piled up beside her, awaiting transportation, when Theodora appeared on the scene. She was aware, from the shaking of some bushes in the rear of the cabin and from a vivid, disappearing gleam of red drapery, that Annie, the recreant housemaid, had fled at her approach, but her business was with Annie's grandmother and she wasted few words on preliminaries. "I want you to tell me why you and your people are deserting us, Mrs. Nutt," she said.

Mrs. Nutt withdrew the pipe from her

lips and surveyed the young woman calmly. "Hit ain' hard to tell, honey. We alls has done had a warnin', dat's all."

Theodora, who had descended from the buggy and tied her horse to a convenient post, seated herself upon one of the household chairs opposite the old woman.

"Please explain yourself," she insisted.

"We alls had a warnin' dat's all," the old woman repeated doggedly. "What we all want t' keep on projectin' about hit for? Jest go, dat's de t'ing t' do. But—" she continued slowly with her bright old eyes on Mrs. Hasbrook's face, "if you alls want t' know 'bout hit come t' dis cabin an' set by dat winder facin' de hillside yonder. Set dere all night, an' ef yo' do'an know what we all a goin' fer de fast time mebbe yo' will de nex', or de nex.' I ain' sayin' as yo' an' yo' husban' is wicked folks—but—de ha'n't know. An we'se done had a warnin'. Dat's all."

"And quite enough, too," Theodora reflected gravely as she climbed into the buggy and turned the horse's head homeward, but, with the lines in her hand she stopped. "If I can prove to you that you are mistaken, Mrs. Nutt, will you and your people come back to us."

"Laws yes! Miss 'Doorer, honey! We alls ain' partial to de ha'n't, but—it's dere. We ain' mistook. Yo' watch."

"But they do see something!" Theodora urged, detailing the conversation to her husband that evening and combating his skepticism. "They see something! It is for us to find out what it is, and soon, for, in the role of cook, I've burned one hand and two beefsteaks to-day, and in that of housemaid I've broken the sugar bowl, the Hasbrook heirloom."

"That was too bad," Hugh said gravely. "The bowl was over a hundred years old."

"I know, I've saved all the pieces and am sure it can be cemented together again. But the breakage may be charged up against the mysterious visitor, or visitation, whichever you chose to call it."

"Well, I suppose you have a plan. Theo, what is it?"

Theodora detailed her plan, to which her husband listened without enthusiasm.

"I'd greatly prefer to sleep in our own house, but we'll try it. Get a few blankets, some matches and a lamp while I go out to harness the horse, and we'll drive over to the cabin. You might get my revolver out of the bureau drawer and put it in. It may come handy in case the apparition should prove to be material."

The night, unlike the preceding one, was dark and growing darker while a fitful east wind brought unwelcome hints of more rain to come. As they halted in front of the Nutt cabin the denuded hillside opposite loomed vaguely in the distance. Hugh put the horse in a shed near the house and then both entered the cabin. "Stand beside the door until I strike a light," Hugh said. "It may not be permissible to have a light but I think we'll chance it." Lamplight revealed that the home of the Nutts had not been entirely stripped. The capacious old settle still occupied its accustomed corner by the fireplace. There was a broken rocker and a bedstead with a straw mattress. "This might be worse," Hugh said, surveying the mattress approvingly and yawning prodigiously. The yawn brought to his wife's remembrance the fact that he had, because of some business matter, been obliged to go to his bed at a woefully early hour that morning.

"Lie down, Hugh, and go to sleep. I'll spread some blankets over you," she said. "There is no occasion for our both keeping awake, I'm sure."

"You are heroic, but it may be that only one of us has the right quality for the obsession."

"In which case only one is needed."

"True, so do you go to sleep like a good girl and I'll watch. If I see nothing we may take it for granted that I'm outside the pale." In spite of her protests Hugh stuck to his point and she was obliged to give in.

"I shall not go to sleep, you know," she declared. "I shall just lie here and watch you."

Nevertheless the rays of the rising sun were streaming in at the uncurtained window when she awoke. Hugh was not in the cabin, as she ascertained after one alarmed glance, but she presently heard him in the shed speaking to his horse. She sprang up, hastily put on hat and jacket and ran out just as Hugh appeared with the horse and buggy.

"Oh, I'm so ashamed of myself!" she exclaimed, scrambling into the buggy with suspicious haste. "Did you see anything?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Perhaps you slept, too."

"Not until after three o'clock and daylight was beginning to show, then I lay down on the settle and dozed a little."

"Well, for all we have accomplished, I don't see but we might as well have slept at home."

"We had to come to make sure of that," Hugh replied. The horse sped along swiftly and mud was thrown freely from flying hoofs and wheels.

"Why, it must have rained again last night!" Theodora exclaimed.

"It did. Began before one o'clock. I fancy we'll have a spell of clear weather now. The wind's in the south."

Half the distance to their own home was covered when Theodora suddenly exclaimed: "Oh there! We've actually left the lamp and all of those blankets!"

"Never mind, they'll keep."

Theodora, who was not an uncomfortably exacting housewife, did not dispute the point. After a little Hugh remarked:

"By the way, I find that I shall be obliged to be away again tonight. It's rather hard on you, since the servants are gone. Do you mind staying alone?"

"Not with Alexis in the house. The dog is worth more, as a bodyguard, than both the negro women together. It's a pity that you are so overworked, though."

"Never mind me, sis. I shall come out all right."

This was so exactly Theodora's own opinion that she forebore to ask him, as she might very well have done, where and why he was going. Whatever Hugh did was right and commendable in her eyes. There is little doubt, however, but that she would have been surprised into asking questions could she have followed her husband on his business quest that evening, for he went, on foot and alone, to the Nutt cabin, quietly entered, and seating himself by the window that commanded a view of the hillside prepared to resume the vigil of the night before. The starlit sky was cloudless and a strong, fresh wind blew steadily from the south. Twilight deepened into dusk as he sat observantly watchful. He had not chosen to let his wife know of how much importance he considered the old negress' explanation of the exodus of her people. "They've seen something to scare them, and to scare them badly and I'll run the thing to earth, whatever it is," was his silent resolve. He had placed his revolver on the window sill and was feeling for it, at the same time stifling an inclination to yawn. The next instant he was sitting bolt upright, staring out into the night, the feeling of drowsiness as effectually banished as if he had never slept in his life and never expected to while he was, at the same time, conscious of a slight prickling sensation in his scalp.

Something was gradually taking form on the hillside across the roadway, but scarcely a stone's throw from the cabin. Something that grew and grew; white, wavering, half luminous in the deepening night. Something that swayed to and fro, tossing long white arms aloft

and clutching at the empty air with slender writhing fingers; something that grew and grew. Tall, white, ghastly—Hugh got upon his feet, pushed back his cap and passed the back of his hand across his damp forehead. Then he picked up the revolver and stepped outside. Outside, he stood for a long time observing the shapeless, nameless Thing. Then he walked quietly home. He was not in the house when Theodora awoke the next morning and she was left to think uncomplimentary things of the exigencies of that business that kept her husband enslaved until, shortly after noon, the enslaved one himself appeared.

"Have you had dinner, and what has kept you so unmercifully?" was her greeting.

"Yes, to the first. And I've been running it to earth, as answer to the second."

"Oh, without my help! Tell me all about it."

They were standing on the porch whither Theodora had come to meet him, and Hugh dropped into a seat as he spoke: "I'm tired," he confessed. "I've been climbing hills and making discoveries. You recollect hearing me speak of that old shaft that was closed up after young Carlton's death?"

"Yes."

"I never knew its exact location until today. I only knew that it was on the

hill where the landslide occurred, and—the landslide re-opened it."

"O-h!"

"Exactly. There seems to be a regular gas manufactory, of some kind, down there in the depths. And there are strange old drifts and tunnels, or so it seems, for, when the wind is in a certain quarter, in the south, to be specific, as it was last night and the night but one before a strong suction is created and a white, vapory, half luminous column of gas pours out. It seems peculiarly dense after a long spell of wet weather, and its strong yet wavering motion—"

"I undersand, Hugh, I undersand! But how did you find it all out?"

Hasbrook told of his night's vigil, adding: "I went down to Bowen and got Hewett to come up with me and examine the place. He's no end of a scientist, you know. He talked of atmospheric pressures and degrees of density and all that, but his expositions were not needed. The gas was a self evident proposition and told its own story of the incarnation of the ha'nt."

I've set men at work closing the shaft again, and have posted notices far and wide detailing the facts. I look for our household force back today and I think that the majority of the miners will be back within a week. At all events, they'll come as soon as they receive notice of the laying of the ha'nt."

Which, in effect, they did.

HEINE'S GREETING TO THE NORTH SEA

Translation by W. B. MOER

Thalatta! Thalatta!
O Sea eternal, my greeting to thee!
Ten thousand fold greeting, O Sea,
With heart exultant I bid thee;
As once bade thee greeting
Ten thousand hearts of the Grecians—
Battling with fate, with homesickness yearning,—
World renowned, war hearts of Grecia!

Thy broad flood was swelling
And roared as it billowed;
The sun, out-pouring, sped downward
Beams rosy-flushed and glancing;
The startled sea-mew swarm, up-flapping,
Winged forth its flight, loudly shrieking
The horses were stamping,
The bright shields were clanging;
Resounding wide, rose like a battle cry:
"Thalatta! Thalatta!"

O Sea eternal, my greeting to thee!
Like voices of home-land, murmured thy waters;
I saw, like the dreams of my childhood,
The shimmering, far out on thy main;

Old memories woke, rehearsing anew,
Of all the splendid, the dearly-loved playthings,
Of all the bright-shining Christmas tokens,—
Of all the ruddy and branching coral,
Gold-fish and pearls and the tinted sea-shells,
Which thou so secretly dost guard,
Within thy crystal halls below.

Oh, how have I yearned, in a land of strangers,
Like a withering flower. [gers,
Shut in the botanist's casket of metal,—
So lay my heart in my breast.
I seem like one who, winter-long has stayed,
Bed-ridden, mewed in darkened chamber
And now has suddenly left it;
Glistening, streams out before me
The emerald Spring, by warm suns awakened;

Breezes stir the white-blossoming trees;
The new-born flowers gaze upon me
With bright-hued, fragrant eyes;
Sweet odors arising are wafted
With murmurings, laughter and sighs;
And in the blue skies the birds warble:
"Thalatta! Thalatta!"



Multnomah Falls in Oregon

THE NEEDS OF THE INDIAN

The Proper Course to Pursue

By ELWYN JOHNSTON

That paragraph of President Roosevelt's recent message relating to the Indians and the proper course of dealing with them is brief, but it shows a comprehensive grasp of existing problems connected with this department of national administration. It is also sufficiently explicit in regard to certain important and needed reforms in this quarter to make it clear that all the wrongs of the Indians have not yet been righted, as many people imagine, nor all the

of citizenship, only about 70,000 Indians out of a total in the United States of about 270,000 have yet availed themselves of it. In fact, one considerable fraction of them, the 5,000 or more Indians still resident on the reservations of New York state, are expressly excepted from the provisions of the Dawes bill.

How strangely neglectful we have been, to use a mild term, in introducing and establishing among the Indians the mos



Group of Nootkas Pacific Coast Indians Famed as Seal Hunters

difficulties and perplexities connected with the fair and just treatment of these "wards of the nation" yet cleared away. Until the enactment of that wise and beneficent measure known as the Dawes act, in 1887, these "perpetual inhabitants with diminutive rights," as Webster called them, were absolutely debarred from American citizenship, and since the provisions of that act went into effect, under which an allotment of land in severalty to an Indian carries with it the right

ordinary principles and institutions of Christian civilization may be illustrated by the fact that only within the past year has there been "the faintest attempt on the part of the government to put a stop to polygamy and to recognize, by license for marriage and the proper solemnization of marriage, the meaning and worth of the family as the unit of our Christian social life." Experience is demonstrating that some of the supposedly excellent and most ap-



Omaha Indians in Native Costume



Bannock Indians in Drum Dance Costumes



A War Dance by Bannock and Shoshone Indians

proved methods of promoting the welfare of the Indians, such as the education of Indian youth in institutions like those at Carlisle and Hampton, are not producing the most desirable and satisfactory results, and should now at least be gradually displaced by the introduction among the Indians themselves of institutions patterned to the largest practicable extent, after the common schools of the country. Three Indian tribes have recently petitioned the Nebraska delegation in Congress to urge legislation that shall permit them to send their children to the common schools of that state.

The chief steps yet to be taken in the improvement of the conditions surrounding the Indians are, the gradual breaking up of the tribal system and the allotment of lands in severalty, according to the provisions of the Dawes act; the breaking up, also, and the just and equitable distribution among the Indians of the great tribal funds now held in trust for them by the United States; the introduction among them of the various arts and industries suited to their capacities, needs and surroundings, and also of an educational system like that enjoyed by the American people in general, and calculated to bring them into harmony with American ideals in home, family and community life. Two measures will be brought before Congress at an early date designed to hasten and promote these reform movements. One a bill providing for breaking up the tribal funds into individual holdings, and another, known as the Vreeland bill, extending the provisions of the Dawes act to the Indians of New York state by making provisions for the purchase of certain titles to their lands and thus permitting the allotment of these lands in severalty.

RALPH HARRIS, LIAR

By WILLIS MILLS

The train was nearing the small city of B— in Central Wisconsin. An elegantly dressed young man looked at his watch, then drew a handful of coin from his pocket.

"A five dollar gold piece, three silver dollars, three halves, two quarters," he soliloquized. "Rather small assets, old man, for your expensive tastes. You must draw on your reserve fund. Fortunately that is unlimited."

"Which is your best hotel?" he asked of a cab driver as he stepped from the train.

"Athearn, sir. Take you there in five minutes."

A number of men were at the hotel entrance as the young man followed the clerk up the steps.

The driver touched his arm, "You—" "Oh, yes, I forgot. Here—" and he handed the man his gold piece. "Keep the change," he added carelessly, and passed into the hotel.

He registered as Ralph Harris and engaged the best suite of rooms in the house.

"Mighty hot day, boys. Let's have a drink." A crowd followed him into the barroom.

"Drinks for all, barkeeper—" waving his hand—"and cigars."

"Charge to me," he said presently as he lighted a cigar. "I shall probably stay here a month or so. You have a very fine city, my friend," turning easily to a man who stood near.

The barkeeper hesitated a moment when someone leaned across the bar and whispered to him. "Oh, said the refreshment dispenser, and he entered down \$2.40.

Harris presently sauntered into the hotel office.

"Please, sir, will you buy some flowers," said a little girl. "Only ten cents."

"Of course I will. Here is a dollar. That is all right, little girl—" as she began to speak—"you are welcome to it."

Those who had observed the man's freedom in spending money readily believed his assertion that he had just taken a special course in Chicago University; that he wished some recreation for mind and body in a quiet city like B—; that his father was a large holder in Standard Oil stock, etc. These assertions mentioned with a careless non-

chalance convinced people that Mr. Ralph Harris was a distingue personage.

"Not so bad, Mr. Harris," said our friend to himself when having been shown to his rooms he surveyed the luxurious surroundings. "Very good impression you have made, I fancy. Let me see, thirty per week for these rooms and four dollars in my pocket. Must make a raise somewhere. Guess I'll begin tonight with the prayer-meeting act. That generally works well."

"The famine sufferers in India" was the topic considered at the Methodist prayer-meeting. The pastor's fervid appeal for relief funds was ably seconded by a stranger who responded to the invitation, "Will someone lead in prayer?"

Deacon Upham, who was considered especially gifted in the matter of supplication, was completely distanced by the stranger. Never in that church had the Lord received advice in sentences of such well-rounded English and pure diction. Would not the Great Intelligence stir up the people of B— to give nobly to this cause—at least five hundred dollars. The blessedness of sacrifice, of human brotherhood! Oh that they all might experience it! And might they all so live that when the "knot intrinsicate" was severed and they passed through the pearly gates, they could humbly present their gathered sheaves and receive with meekness the sparkling tiaras placed upon their heads.

Vigorous "amens" responded to nearly every passage of the stranger's invocation. His speech that followed was equally effective. This matter must be taken in hand at once. He would himself head a subscription list with two hundred and fifty dollars. He was sure five hundred dollars could be raised before the close of the meeting. The greatness of service and sacrifice—there was nothing like it. "Cast your bread upon the water," etc., etc.

The stranger produced the greatest enthusiasm. Deacon Upham said he would give one hundred and fifty dollars, and the remainder was raised in short order.

Everyone wished an introduction to "Brother Harris" when the meeting was over. The pastor said, "God bless you, brother." Deacon Upham insisted that the stranger dine with them the next day. The deacon's wife wiped her eyes

as she said, "You seemed inspired in that prayer, brother Harris."

Brother Harris gave her hand a sympathetic squeeze. "Give me no credit, sister Upham. It is the Lord's doing. Blessed be His name."

The whole city talked of the rich Mr. Harris. Who paid five dollars to a cab driver for a five minute service; who treated the crowd to drinks; who tossed a dollar to a flower girl, and gave two hundred and fifty dollars to the famine sufferers; who lived royally at the Athearn at thirty dollars a week.

The man's credit was unlimited. He ordered two fifty dollar suits at the tailor's, three pairs of shoes at the shoe dealer's, and selected a three hundred dollar ring at the jeweler's. A barber came to his room every day. He drove out every afternoon in the finest turnout in the city. Bessie Upham, the prettiest girl in town, was generally with him.

The Uphams dispensed hospitality lavishly. Harris was told to come in any time; he was always welcome.

Four days after his arrival in the city he was one evening sitting upon the porch of the Upham residence. Bessie's brother Bob was with him.

"By the way, Harris," said Bob after a pause, "I want to ask you a question. It is about something that troubles me a little. Pardon me—but I don't see how it is—er—compatible—this taking part in prayer-meeting and then going out and drinking with the boys." Bob's honest face had an anxious look.

Harris laughed. "My dear fellow, it is the most consistent thing in the world when you look at it right. The only way you can get an influence over these fast fellows is to come into contact with them. The preacher can do nothing with them, for he won't associate with them. I drink freely with them at considerable personal discomfort I must admit. But the sacrifice counts as nothing when I think of the good I may do. Only last year I picked a fellow up in a saloon and took him to a revival meeting. Result, conversion, and he is now a missionary in India. What I must do is what concerns me, not what the people think, says Emerson. Many people cannot indorse my methods but I must be true to myself and work in my own way. See?"

Bob looked up admiringly, and his face brightened.

"Say, Upham," said Harris as he finally rose to go to his hotel "I am bothered somewhat over a little matter. I don't want to presume on your friendship, but I wrote my father when I first came to, send me on a thousand. A reply came today that he has gone to San Francisco. I haven't more than seventy-

five about me, and it would occasion considerable delay in trying to reach him. Now—a matter of five hundred—could you—"

"To be sure," Bob interrupted cheerfully, "with the greatest pleasure. Wait a minute. He went into the house and a moment later handed Harris a check

"I can't thank you enough, Upham. Please say nothing about this. I'll have it for you in a week and—"

"That is all right, Harris. Call for me if you wish it."

The following evening Miss Bessie Upham listened with wrapt soul to Mr. Harris while he played upon the piano a wild, weird composition, alternating with clang and softness.

"Oh, please go on, Mr. Harris."

"Did you like it? I am more fond of indulging in improvisation than any other kind of music. Draw on your imagination a little. You are upon the seashore. Night is falling. The coast is low and marshy.

The girl could see a long dreary stretch of shore. The desolateness of the moor sinking away into the night was not relieved by a single thing. Sounds of the sullen break of waves on the shore, and the wind moaning over the heath were mingled with sad tones from the instrument.

Harris partly turned his head. His eyes were glowing. "Now a storm," he exclaimed.

The night grew darker. The girl saw huge cumulous masses of clouds rolling up. They mingled in swift interchange. Javelins of light were hurled in terrifying crashes. How mighty, how merciless!

Bessie raised her arm with a gesture of protest. "Mr. Harris, you take my breath away. It is terrible!"

"A change," he said gaily. He played a soft fantasia, and quiet vales and running streams were substituted for the roar of tempest.

"If my playing moves you, Miss Upham, what would you do if you could hear Liszt. I had the honor of taking a few lessons from him when I was on the continent. Now Schubert's serenade and I'll stop."

The soft, sad strains rolled through the room. The man gave expression to all the mingled joy and pain felt when gazing at a beautiful sunset; the intense longing at the twilight hour for things unattainable; to the overmastering desire to know for a certainty what is—beyond. The girl could hear voices calling softly and imploringly—seemingly from vast interminable distances. There came the wild sweet thrill felt at times when waking from a dream; the intoxicating rapture of the heart's first

love. Hope, disappointment, paeon and threnody—all were wafted through the soul chambers—the emotions rising and falling like waves of the sea.

The music ceased. Harris turned toward the girl. In his eyes was a subdued light.

"When I play Schubert's Serenade in the evening it always arouses unutterable longing. I want to be something different. Evil tendencies seem to be repressed—"

He stopped abruptly. "Let me bid you good night, Miss Upham."

A week passed. A note to Bob Upham from the proprietor of the hotel Athearn was handed to him while the family were at breakfast. He showed it to the rest.

"Impossible!" cried the deacon.

"It's a cruel joke!" sobbed Bessie.

"My soul and body!" said Mrs. Upham.

"Come, father!" exclaimed Bob, "he leaves on the 7:35 and it is now 7:15. Let's go to the station."

"Did you let him have anything?" said the deacon abruptly as they were about to start.

"Five hundred dollars."

"And I let him have three!" groaned the deacon. "He asked me to say nothing about it."

Arrived at the station they found a detective with Harris in charge. He was wanted in a neighboring city for forgery. A large crowd surrounded the

prisoner. In the crowd were the hotel proprietor, tailor, shoe dealer, jeweler, laundryman, barber, and numerous other creditors. They were all expressing themselves very forcibly.

Someone yelled, "What in hell do you mean anyway?"

Harris smiled slightly and raised his arm with a deprecatory gesture.

"Really, gentlemen, the occasion hardly justifies profanity. A most unfortunate combination of circumstances precipitated the present unpleasantness. In a little game last night I fully expected to get enough to square accounts with all of you. I had four of a kind but you know a straight flush beats it, deacon."

The deacon's face was hot with rage. "Young man, your insinuations—"

"There, there, deacon. It was so unfortunate. If you and Bob will draw on my father in San Francisco he will undoubtedly honor it. No, deacon, remember your standing—pardon me, I almost thought you were going to swear. I—"

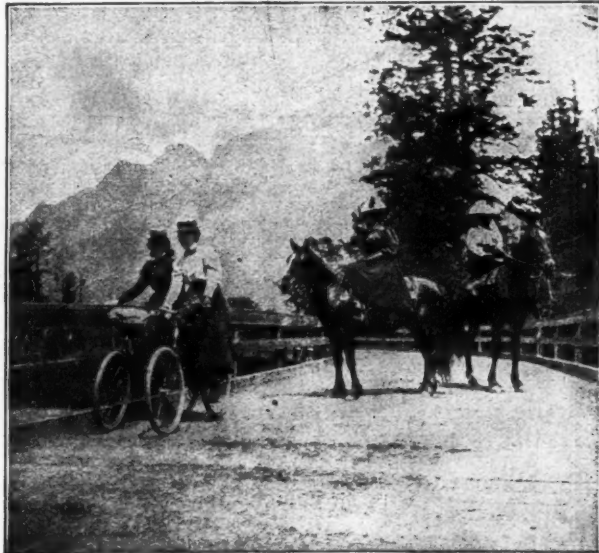
The officer touched the speaker's arm and said they must get on the train.

Harris waved his hand gracefully. "I have got many things to say to you but ye cannot hear them now. Goodby."

The people watched the train roll out from the station, then they looked at one another.

"Well, I'll be blessed!" said the deacon.

"I'll be damned!" said Bob.



Outings in the Cascades



From a Painting by Thomas Nast, in the Galena Library, Galena, Ill.

Peace in Union—Appomattox Court House, Palm Sunday, April 9th, 1865

NATIONAL WAR SONGS

Their Significance and Reason

By R. A. HASTE

As speech and gesture express the ordinary feelings of man in the ordinary affairs of life; so poetry and song are the natural modes of expression when the nervous system is overwrought or when the soul is stirred to its depths.

The two superlative passions of mankind are love and patriotism. Each seeks expression in musical rhyme. When the ego abandons itself, when selfishness and greed disappear and the individual becomes subordinate to a great principle, or comes a voluntary sacrifice to the altar of country or race, when the soul bursts into song; when a people feel the exaltation of patriotism; when a great nation feels as one man the impulse to one sublime end; when fortunes and lives are poured out without stint for a cause, without an adequate expression of the pent-up feelings; it is then that the national songs burst forth in a night and go ringing down the ages, ever new, ever beautiful, because they are the outpourings of the enrapt soul of a people.

Who can read the "Marseillaise" or "Die Wacht am Rhein" without feeling the blood flow with renewed vigor. And when sung to the national music which was born with the song, one feels the stirring of the French revolution in his veins or almost wishes himself a German that he too might partake of the glory of guarding the Fatherland. These songs come when they are needed. They are struck off when the national mind is at a white heat. They become a reflection of the universal thought and feeling. The rhyme is the measure of the soul-pulsations. Like the bugle call or the roll of the drum they move the great mass with one impulse—as one man.

The first shot that was fired upon Fort Sumpter in 1861 divided the Nation as with compass. There was no thought of compromise. The patriotism of the Nation was divided, but the cleavage was clear. The soul of the southerner swelled with the same feelings that animated the breasts of his northern brother. It was the highest patriotism in both cases. It was a kind of frenzy which led men to offer life and property for what? For their native state on one side and for the flag on the other. On one side it was a sense of outraged liberty; on the other it was a grim determination to emancipate a race and also to preserve the national integrity. The South were fighting for what they believed to be their

personal rights, for the perpetuation of a system dear to their hearts, a system so interwoven with their social life that its destruction meant utter ruin. The North sought to preserve the Great Republic and then, if need be, destroy that "Earth-born Cyclops."

In the war songs of the two people we find a reflection of the causes for which they contended.

Fiery, impetuous, chivalric, came the outburst from the South, "My Maryland." Mr. James Randall, a native of Baltimore, then a teacher of English literature in a Louisiana college, was the author. It was written one evening after hearing of the passing of the national troops through his native state enroute to Washington. It was published in a Baltimore paper, soon after set to music, and at once became the national song of the confederacy. It was sung in parlor, in camp, in field—everywhere. It epitomized the spirit of the South.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!

His torch is at thy temple door,
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!

My mother state, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!

Thy gleaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!

Remember Carrol's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come, 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!

Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!

With Ringold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

JUST CONCERNING TWO

By R. O. BASHFORD

Percy Hoffman, the engineer of the little tug-boat Ella Elwood, was in trouble, his actions betrayed this as the lithe figure, clad in faded blue overalls and jumper, nervously paced the deck.

His silk cap was placed well on the back of his head, at times he gave it a jerk.

"I'll have this much satisfaction out of him," he muttered. "I'm not very big, but if he keeps on with his talk, I'll do my best to whip him in proper shape."

"I've been wild, that I'll admit to any one, I'll own up to that myself, but I have some self-respect left and I don't want such a thing as he is doing my confessing for me. "You bet, my dear captain, you and I are coming together and I'll whale you if it's the last act of my life."

"She is a good girl, just as good a little woman as ever lived, and to think of that fellow's infernal clack and that he might get her—"

He clenched his fists at the thought of his rival's chance, stopped abreast the engine room door and seated himself on the rail.

For five years, the engineer and Captain Hall, of the passenger steamer Screamer, had been ardent admirers of Miss Ida Chase, a very bewitching young lady of their home port.

From a friendly acquaintance, when one was fireman and the other mate, it had grown to be a serious matter, the little miss of twenty summers keeping their sea of thought in a constant turmoil, and through both devotees at the shrine, an intense feeling of jealousy burned, blazed or smudged low as their idol's thoughts were interpreted by her worshippers.

A few wild escapades duly chronicled by the captain, endangered the engineer's chances, he thought, and with the lessening possibilities of gaining his heart's choice, came an increasing desire to even scores with his tormentor.

Of all his many love affairs, this was the worst, the uncontrollable ache itself, and had reached the stage when friends sympathized and offered poor advice, at times he had hard work to repress the tears that would come to mingle with the brine on which the Elwood floated.

The steamers' crews had taken the parts of their respective champions and with the glibness that steamboat men possess, swapped white lies and stretched the coarse gossip until the frayed ends needed seizing.

What at this time aroused the engineer's ire was the Screamer's mate informing the Elwood's fireman that Captain Hall was going to "chuck" his girl a heaving line that night.

The thought of matrimonial lines being "chucked" during the engineer's absence, by the skipper rankled in the young fellow's breast, he had to be there and do a little line heaving in his own favor; and that required a great deal of courage, for quite bashful at times, especially so under the light beam of the little lady's eye, he never could gather the necessary amount of pluck to propose that they be shipmates for life, but at present he knew for the sake of possessing his ideal he could heave a line as well as the more composed captain and perhaps several fathoms farther.

In the gray distance he watched the Screamer go; it was her mid-day trip and he carefully calculated the tide's strength, the Elwood's speed, and found he had plenty of time to get their tow to Pointville, return and allow him to be at Miss Chase's at least a half hour before Captain Hall.

Arriving at Pointville, Percy received the first shock. A bitter thud as though air had leaked in the chambers of his heart and the pumps were on one wild race, and then bucked and raced again.

His fireman reported that a friend on the dock told him that Miss Chase came in on the noon trip of the Screamer.

He gritted his teeth, swallowed hard, turned and tried to see far objects that were being enveloped in a gray fog that drifted down from the river's mouth.

"No use," he groaned a half hour later as the Elwood, bound for home, tooted many warning whistles through the fog, and the engineer in his three by six room dressed himself.

"The skipper's got her all right, I'm out of it. I've got a hoodoo on me, that's the trouble. But I'll say my say and go. She can travel on the Screamer for all I care. China is the place for me. I'll go firing on a junk, maybe I can get to be a mandarin or something beside a steamboat man."

"There is no telling how a woman will act, I've found that out. Searching for a woman's likes and dislikes is just the same as navigating in a fog. It's a blind man's game. A fellow can whistle for an echo, run a course true and then find shoals not on the charts of human experi-

ence. Sometimes it's calms, then storms, a parent's wrath and breakers on every hand; a fellow can sound one day and think he has good holding ground, the next time a deep sea lead won't find bottom in a girl's whims and he is at sea again and can drift about like a ship-jack in a puddle for all they care."

"I'll tell her mother—"

Bum—m—bump, and the engineer's dreams rudely interrupted slide the full length of the room.

"On the bottom," he gasped. "That wall-eyed mate has done us again," and he started for the engine room as the Elwood heeled down on her bilge and stuck fast.

The mate with a long pole sounded, the skipper, swearing, wondered how he could have swung so far off his course as to bring up on "Long Reach Point."

Percy in his stocking feet stood silent. The tide was ebbing, and he was due at the Chase mansion at seven; at that hour the Ella Elwood would be high and dry. This mishap was awful.

There was black despair in his face as he turned to peer through the fog, thought of rowing the remaining ten miles, gave it up and stepped into his room, where, as he laced his shoes, he mentally throttled the skipper in several new and barbarous forms.

"Say, Perc! Here comes the Gray Gull! His fireman all excitement burst in. "You can get her. Cap will whistle her down and you'll make it in yet."

Drooping spirits moved upward and remained high as ten minutes later he clambered on board of the Gray Gull.

"You've got an immense amount of heating surface in that little heart of yours, Percy!" old man Black, the Gull's engineer, chuckled. "And I'll try if Cap is willin' to beat the Howler in. She is due here about now but I hain't heard her whistle. Maybe Hall has put her on the beach somewhere. I wouldn't care much, he sassed me once and I never did have no use for a fly skipper."

The Screamer was not on the beach, but five minutes late, and like a shadow tore down through the fog.

There was company in the pilot-house, mother and daughter, and the captain, while making the best of his opportunity, was playing a reckless game.

"We are now off "Long Reach Point, Mrs. Chase, the boat has been over the course so often that she has a—"

A whistle screeched, the speaker startled, cried out as the heavy round bows of the Gray Gull, throwing high a roll of water, loomed out of the fog.

Above the crash rose cries of agony and people struggled in the water.

Percy Hoffman had been in such a scrape once before, for five hours he had floated after the Olympian, pushed the Lady

Lake so far down that a hundred fathom line would not reach her and so prepared, he coolly took in the situation, leaped and a few strokes carried him to a sinking one and then he recognized, helpless in his grasp, Captain Hall. The fingers loosed their hold, then closed again. "Damn it Hall! Keep cool or you'll go under!" he cautioned, and rescuer and rescued faced the Gray Gull.

There all was high confusion. In launching the main boat, some one blundered, the boat fell jammed between the bulwarks and house, and the efforts of five men failed to dislodge it as quickly as the mate thought proper in such a case and he siezed upon the little skiff and swamped that in trying to get it over the stern of the tug.

Life buoys flew from willing but uncertain hands and the cook with a boat-hook, drew Captain Hall in and Percy turned out again.

Only a part of the Screamer's upper works remained and on this a few clung, while others forced themselves on to the bits of floating wreckage, only to have it sink, eddy about and evade their frantic clutches.

A woman's cries shaped the engineer's course.

"Mrs. Chase and—and Ida," he gasped.

The mother in a perfect frenzy, listened to no words of warning, but quick as a thought, clasped his arm.

For an instant there was danger, then he succeeded in freeing himself and shoved a larger support, to which the three endeavored to hold. The mother still persisted in crawling on to their refuge, and after several slips, Hoffman found himself and Ida becoming rapidly exhausted and nothing to aid them.

The tug as near as other places of safety, decided the question, and with the daughter he bent heavy strokes for the steamer.

Trouble on the opposite side of the steamer had called all the crew there, and no friendly boat-hook leaned out to relieve him of his burden. A heavy rope fender hung down, and to this he guided her.

"You must hang on here, Ida," he directed. "Don't get scared, I'll get your mother this time. Just hang on and yell."

Before he could again reach the mother, a shout of encouragement arose and the Elwood's boats and crew hove in sight through the mist.

A few minutes later all was over and the Gray Gull moved on, leaving in the depths the few, who with the battered hull of the Screamer, still rest in the sands off "Long Reach Point."

The engineer in his clinging garments stood shivering next to the warm side of the tug's funnel, as a figure came stealing around, hesitated and called:

"Percy, is that you? You brave—brave boy; I want to thank you—for—everything. "Poor mamma just called for you, so come. This has been such a terrible experience for her, and if it hadn't been for you we would have been drowned."

"Oh, that's nothing! That's all right, what little I did. Lucky I was on board. I was just going up to see your mother; you know I'm going to China next week and was going to tell her about it. She has always been so good to me, interested in my welfare. Had on my best clothes, too—look like I'd been out in the rain, don't I?" and Hoffman laughed nervously. "To China?"

"Yes, China! It—yes, Ida. I'll tell you, little friend. You know down to Pointville, I heard that you and that fellow I

fished out of the water are going—was greatly—was—" "Well I saw I wasn't in it so—you know, I'm going away for a while."

"Going away?"

The little hand pressed heavily on his arm, so heavily that he raised it gently.

"Please, Percy, don't go, not just yet, I'll be so lonesome."

The short catch in her voice straightened out the kinks in Percy's heaving line, he stumbled, then braced himself for the long throw.

The mate, peering aft, blushed as only a mate can. The Elwood's engineer and some one were in close embrace and oblivious of fogs or chance observers, one soothingly consoled the other, who sobbed softly.



SAXE

By JOHN TALMAN

With the whole race is thy laughter abiding yet,
Serving the tension of life to relax;
Jewels of fancy thy verse keeps in hiding yet,
Gravity's efforts to tax.
Mirthward thy genius is guiding yet—
Precious old Saxe!

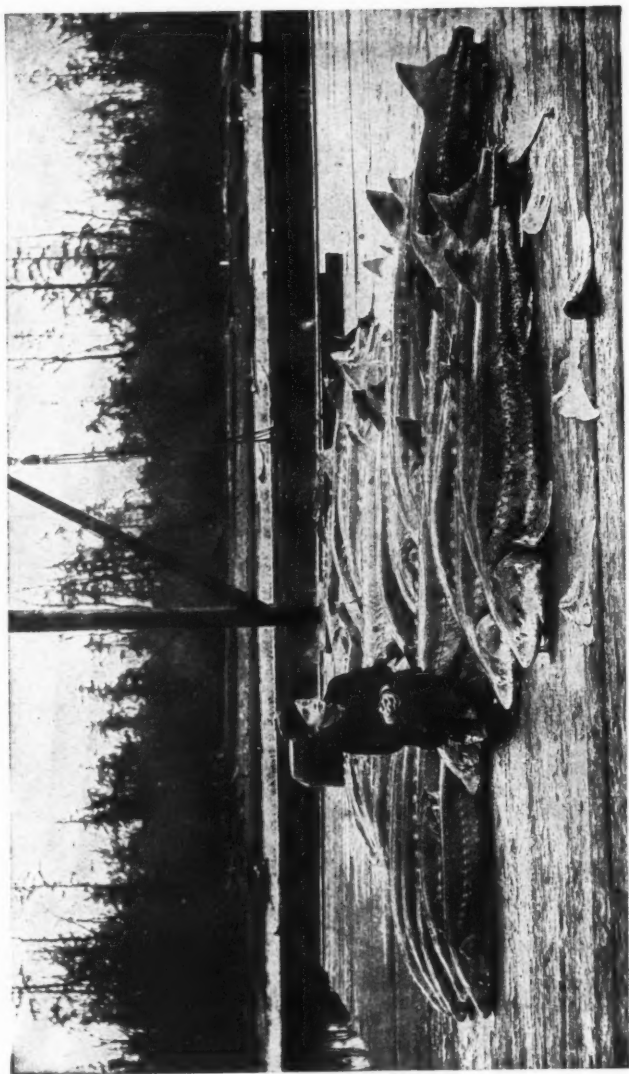
How we recall thee when, type of humility,
Reckless of costume and frowzy of hair,
Basket on arm—just the pink of docility—
Marketway slow thou didst fare,
Breathing, in idle tranquility,
Albany's air.

Making us laugh by the very psychology
Momus employed to take captive mankind,
What if thou'rt missing in Stedman's "Anthology,"
Never again may we find
Master of fun's terminology
So to our mind.

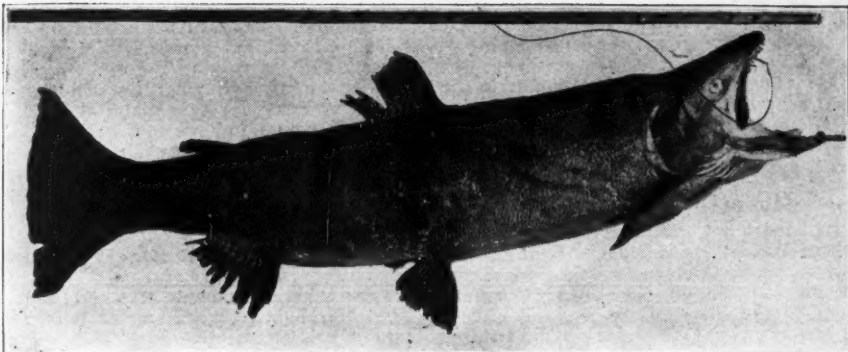
Framing surprises with joke and anomaly,
Punster delightful, contortionist droll,
Deft in grotesque and extrayagant homily,
Ever in farcical role,
Making all one happy family—
What a rare soul.

Better the jester creating hilarity
Than sedate lecturer prosing away;
Innocent sport is a more welcome rarity
Than long-faced wisdom, I say,
Marking anew the disparity
'Twixt grave and gay.

Rhymer unique! While thy numbers ring merrily,
Serving the bondage of care to relax,
Sweet as cool springs in life's desert that sterilely
Spreads; our endurance to tax,
Cure for the blues have we verily—
Precious old Saxe!



Columbia River Sturgeon—Page 186



THE STORY OF THE RECORD TROUT

By EL COMANCHO

First of all get a map of the Great Northern Railway and follow the main line west from St. Paul until, away out within sight of the Pacific Ocean, you will find the name "Index" printed in small type.

The railroad did not think enough of Index to print the name in large type when the map was made and in fact at that time there was no reason that it should be in large type because it was not famous.

Today the maps that hang on the depot walls are all fingered over at the place where Index was printed until the name cannot be found for the dirty finger marks. The same thing was true of Cripple Creek at one time and is true of Thunder Mountain and all other places that are famous. The next map that is made, therefore, will have Index printed in large black letters that can be read across the room, as becomes the name of a place that is famous.

Index is a pretty little town that nestles in the bend of the tumbling, roaring Sky-ko-mish river, just a picturesque little hamlet in the mountains with a great wall of solid gray granite reaching up almost into the sky behind it and the huge, sheer pinnacle of Index mountain reaching clear into the sky in front of it. Sometimes the mountain looks as though it would topple and crush the little town and half an hour afterward it is perhaps hidden in the whirling cloud wreaths that twist forever around it, ghostly films of mist they are that change while you count three and blot the great spire out of sight one minute and cut the bottom off the next, leaving the peak hanging in mid-air—clear, sharp and real, very real and cold. To see Index mountain, is to wonder and to admire, and one soon gets into

the habit of looking there for new pictures even when he does not know it; therefore, Index, in plain sight of this great sharp peak is a good place to know and a good place to go to.

The river is at the base of the mountain, a tearing white ribbon of froth and suds that roars and sings the White Water Song of the mountain stream as it half-circles the little town on its hurrying way to the sea, forty miles below. Strung along its length, like Emerald beads when you see the river from the high hills, are the pools, deep, cool, dark and blue in the shadows, green like Emerald in the light of the sun, white like milk where the foaming rapid hurls its strong current in at the upper end—smooth, oily silent and full of power where the current leaves the lower end after a momentary rest and then goes on roaring and plunging over the rocks and twisting in and out among the hills on its cool, shaded road among the fir trees until it meets the tide coming up hill from the sea.

Beside it the Great Northern engineers "ran a line" and following them the builders laid down the road bed and the rails.

That was several years ago and the engineers saw the river in the summer, so they, after the way of civil engineers, gave this little river small thought and did not, in passing, make proper medicine to the Skal-lal-aye and to the Gods of the hills that sit on the top of Mount Index and sometimes blow a warm breath on the snows all at once—and send the waters down. So now the Great Northern road has men there who keep one eye on the top of the mountain and the other on the hurrying river and when the river begins to creep up alongside the roadbed then the men dump carloads

of heavy rock on the river side of the track—and the train goes on by and does not bow to the river Gods nor to the Skál-lal-aye that sit on the mountain top and send down the floods.

If you were a fisherman who loved above all else in the world to commune with a river the like of this one and you should, in passing, see the river out of the car window and smell the wet river smells as I did and hear its roaring song even above the roar that the cars themselves made, then you would vow a vow to come back up the Great Northern road to the Place of the Narrow Valley Index, even as I did and if you did all this then you would have one more of those pleasant memories of which we all have a few, and spend our spare time wishing we had more of.

I had looked on the river from the train in my own way I had ghost danced to get down beside it and feel the cold flood with my hands and cast a line far out over its foam bells as they floated in the blue-white, greeny pools. How you have longed to do the same as you sped by some inviting river in the past—that is, provided you are a fisherman, and if you are not, then there is a lost chord in your makeup and you should make haste to have it repaired so that you will begin to know the keen pleasures of a day along a tumbly river like this one that the Indians have named the Sky-kompsh and the white man, after his fashion, has immediately twisted to "Sky-komish," so that it might the better fit his harsher tongue.

I had looked on the river as the train crawled up the hill in the time before and I had vowed a vow, and when I came back over the hill to Seattle and had met Pardner and loved her the way a fellow's Pardner expects to be loved after the fellow "above mentioned" has been gone away so long that his whiskers have grown from nothing to tassels long enough for the infant to pull, then—well, I told Pardner about this tumbly river that roared out of the high places of the world and half-circled a little town on the Great Northern road called Index. It happens that Pardner loves these wild places as well as I do and when I told her that she and I had better spend a part of our lives along the River of Joys up there, Pardner's eyes danced and she began to bring forth all of those fishing clothes of hers.

Sometimes I think that Pardner goes fishing to wear the little outfit that she has—the one that makes every other woman envious that they have not the same things and do not go into the deep woods with an old stager like I am to show them how to live and enjoy life under the roof of the skies. Pardner used to think

that a good many things would be impossible to do, but now if I told her that I could build a rope to the moon and do it with an ax and what the wilderness would give me for raw material I think Pardner would believe me, because she has seen so many things that looked impossible come into being when she and I went for an outing with what I could pack in a packsack on my back and travel with, and every time she goes she gets a new lease on life and sings for a long time after she comes home.

I also told the Medicine Man and the Retired Merchant of this River of Joys that tumbled down the hill past the town of Index so that they, too, made ready, and with no blare of trumpets nor great to do we four disappeared from the busy world and went to Index, in the Valley of Echoes, where the Sky-kompsh sings the wild song of the hurrying water.

It fortunately happens that the town of Index is blessed with a good hotel. By that I do not mean that it has a lot of white-aproned waiters or anything of that kind. It is just a nice, clean, well appointed hotel that belongs to and is run by C. N. Bush and his little wife. These are both good folks that know how to feed hungry people and how to give them a good bed and in addition they know just how to take care of a tired, wet fisherman, when he comes in from the river, wet to the bone with the ice cold flood because he had a bit too much enthusiasm or forgot that of all slippery things in the world, a boulder in the bottom of a mountain torrent is the very worst and is least to be depended on as a standing place.

Bush does not ask a lot of foolish questions when a man comes to the hotel immediately after having forgotten that the boulder was "slick"—Bush calmly dries the man out and sees that he is in proper shape again as soon as may be, and Mrs. Bush has a hot coffee pot out in her part of the house for just such cases. Then, when the man sits by the fire at evening time and tells about the big one that he lost—then Bush asks whatever questions he has to ask, but never while the man's temper is short from having fallen in the river.

It was with Bush that we stayed this time and wrote our names in the fisherman's register that is there to write in and to say anything in that you may wish the world to know—even to swearing at your luck if you want to. It was Bush that told us that there was good fishing down the river so that we went that way and caught thirty fine trout that afternoon among us, that we might have fine, fresh fish cooked to a turn for supper. It was Bush who smiled and told me that there were lots of big fish up the

river. Right here let me say that if Bush smiles and tells you quietly that there are lots of big fish up the river—don't you go. The fish are there all right, but just let them stay there—they will still be there for a good many years after you leave Index and as long as Bush has a hotel at Index he will tell a fellow (wher he thinks he dares to) that there are "lots of big fish up the river"—but don't go—that's all.

You will like Bush if you go to Index.

The Medicine Man and The Retired Merchant fished down the river while I was trying to get back after Bush told me about the big fish that were up the river. Pardner had "tuckered out" because it had rained so much, that she had to go around in a poncho or drown, so she concluded that she would rest while I went up the river. Lucky Pardner!

Since then she has acquired one of Buzzacotts' feather-weight rubber capes.

When I came back at noon the Retired Merchant had some strange tales to tell about a monster of some kind that had taken his tackle that day and left only a swirl in the water and a sensation of great disappointment. The Medicine Man had been down at the same pool and he was convinced that there was something in there that was uncanny. It was mysterious, there was something there that was not as a man would expect it to be and it was alive to boot—very much alive in fact, and it took all the hooks that came to it and broke the lines and did not show what it was or why it did these things. These were the stories that the two worthies told when I came in from the upper river.

That settled it, if there was a whale or a shark in that pool I did not know of any one who could handle his case any better than I thought I could. So after dinner the four of us went to the pool and I cast into the eddies. The pool, by the way, was no pool at all, but only an eddy at one side of a tearing white current that sluiced out from the horns of a couple of bars that ended just above and it formed just the place that a big trout likes when he balances on his side fins and waits for the current to bring things to his hungry maw.

I was to do the fishing while the others stood on the bank and looked on, for they had each had about all they wanted of this game of bite and broken tackle and I was still to learn just what this monster would do.

I cast into the twisting water wreaths where they circled about a big rock and let the current take the line. No response. Again I tried it and again the same result. The third time I went upstream a short distance to another boulder that just raised its head above water

and here I tried the third cast. The line drifted a little distance and then it stopped as though it had struck a snag. I gave it a gentle pull to loosen it, as I supposed, from the snag, and I could not clear it from the obstruction. Again I pulled, this time a bit harder. No response that time either, so I walked up stream then to get an uphill pull on the line, and gave quite a sharp tug. That time I got a surprise, for the line started and went out toward the center of the river as though it had been shot out of a gun! I had the big one on all right, there was no discounting that fact sure!



The rest began to tell me what to do at once, the same as people always do, and I guess always will do. I was too busy to pay the least attention to what they said or did, though I did at times get a momentary sight of Pardner dancing around like a Sioux Indian whose "heart is bad," and she was saying something about me losing my fish.

Or perhaps she was telling me not to

lose it, I don't know, for I certainly was having the busiest few minutes of my long and meritorious career, and had no time to listen to folks who had nothing to do but to dance about on the bank of a mountain river and waste breath trying to tell a man what to do when he had a whale on the end of a tiny silk line and the whale with the idea in his head that he was overdue at the mouth of the river!

The first rush of the fish took him away out into the white smother of foam where the river came tumbling along with the full force of the current as it sluiced down between the points of the bars, an angry, greeny-white flood that roared loud enough so that I could not tell what Pardner was saying ten feet away, and by that you can get some idea of the nearby danger that I must watch out, for if I landed that fish—and I knew what it meant if the fish got in there and I could not turn him out. Ninety feet without a stop! That was the first rush—a heavy, strong rush that took the line as fast as the automatic reel would let it go. I was not in the game at all and could do nothing but hang on and let him drag as hard as I thought I dared against the tension of the tackle. When he reached the current he tried going up stream, but the drag of the line told in the rushing water and he gave it up and came slowly back to the eddy where he started as I took the line.

Up to this time he had not broken water at all but had fought down, hard and strong like a big bass, but when he came into the eddy he lashed out with his great, broad tail and gave me an instant's glimpse of his size. When I saw his length I was disappointed and quit fighting, for I thought he was a big salmon that had worked up the river and had taken my hook, as they sometimes do, and when you get a salmon away up from the sea out there he is worthless as a fish for the reason that he is all battered up and sore from contact with the rocks and logs as he has forced his way up the stream. To hook one means either broken tackle or the thankless task of killing a useless fish just to get your hook away from him—so I was in a bad humor over hooking this fish, and I voiced my disappointment so that the Retired Merchant and Pardner both heard it. The Medicine Man came up at this time and looked at his watch, for he likes to keep a record on how long it takes to do things. Meantime the Retired Merchant and Pardner had walked down stream so that they were opposite the fish as he struggled in the lower end of the eddy and fought against the strain of the line that was slowly but surely bringing him back to the head of the backwater.

After a while he came to the top with a mighty slashing lunge that took him almost clear of the water and showed the great band of red on his broad side and the blaze of scarlet on the huge gill cover.

"Great Governor! He's a trout and he is thirty inches long!" yelled the Retired Merchant. "O-h-h-h! Yessir, it is a trout!" That was the way Pardner broke in. I had seen the blaze of color, too, so that I had already begun to fight the fight of my life, for I knew that I was fast to the biggest Rainbow Trout that ever came out of water and that I had my work cut out if I was to land him. I paid no more attention to the crowd of ghost dancers on the bank. I fought and I fought hard, and with eyes and ears for nothing but the monster that was giving me all I wanted to attend to out there in the swirling river.

After a losing game of sulking and savage tugging in the slack water of the eddy he took it into his head to cross the river and away he went in a long, hard rush that took the line out yards at a clip—the ninety-foot mark was reached on the automatic and he did not stop, so I slipped the catch and made it possible for him to go on and not smash my line. On—on—on; out into the roar of the current and still on as though he intended to go right down to the sea before he even slowed up, and all the time the drag was holding back like a fiend, slowly, surely tiring him, and at last he turned there in the white suds of the current and headed up stream, only to roll and shake himself like a great dog in the foam! How my heart went still as I watched, you old-timers can understand better than I can tell you! I gave him up for lost and thought that it was to be another story of the "big one that got away," for I never expected a little 4-oz. rod and a tiny silk line attached to a single gut leader and a No. 6 hook to stand that kind of a hammering. Yet, by some miracle, it held and at last the great fish began to come slowly back, fighting viciously for every foot, but he came steadily until he was in the slack water of the eddy again. There he sulked until I made him fight, and then away once more in another rush like the first—away out there 75 yards into the boiling roar of the fast rushing river! Again he rolled and hammered at the line with all his strength. Again it proved true and he came slowly back to the eddy and close up to the bank where the Medicine Man tried to net him with the landing net, and missed! Then how he went out into the current again where he had been twice before—this time the savage, swift rush of a fish that is not only fighting for life but badly frightened besides! That time I had no idea that he

could be saved and I was beginning to get very tired from the continued strain on my arm from holding against him. However, the river gods were against the big fish and once more he came slowly back, tail first and fighting every inch, even up to the edge of the water where the Medicine Man managed to slip the net over the great head and entangle the fish so that he was dragged up on the rocks at the edge of the water, a floundering, still fighting monster that then looked to be as long as the moral law!

In ten seconds the net was a wreck, and the fish was loose on a steep gravel bank where he made the stones fly with every sweep of his powerful tail and seemed in a fair way to get back into the water in spite of all the Medicine Man could do to keep him from it! The Retired Merchant saw the trouble that the Medicine Man was having and he jumped down the bank and took a hand in the war, too. I dropped the rod and went down the bank like a Kingfisher after a minnow and I "lit" on the fish with both hands, so that in a moment I had him by the gills and was going back up the bank with him floundering and throwing gravel all over the landscape! A few moments later I had him fifty feet from the water and had beaten him over the head until he had straightened out and died there in the shadow of Index mountain—the war was over and the biggest Rainbow Trout that ever was caught in a fair fight with a light rod and reel lay along the grass in all the splendor of his brilliant color—a thing of beauty even in death, a giant of his kind, the big fish that did not get away!

Pardner picked him up and "hefted" him and then could not guess within pounds of his weight, so she held him up

for the Medicine Man to look at and estimate. The Medicine Man looked at his watch and said it had taken twenty-five minutes to kill the fish and he thought he would weight twelve pounds. The pocket scales were brought out and they said sixteen pounds.

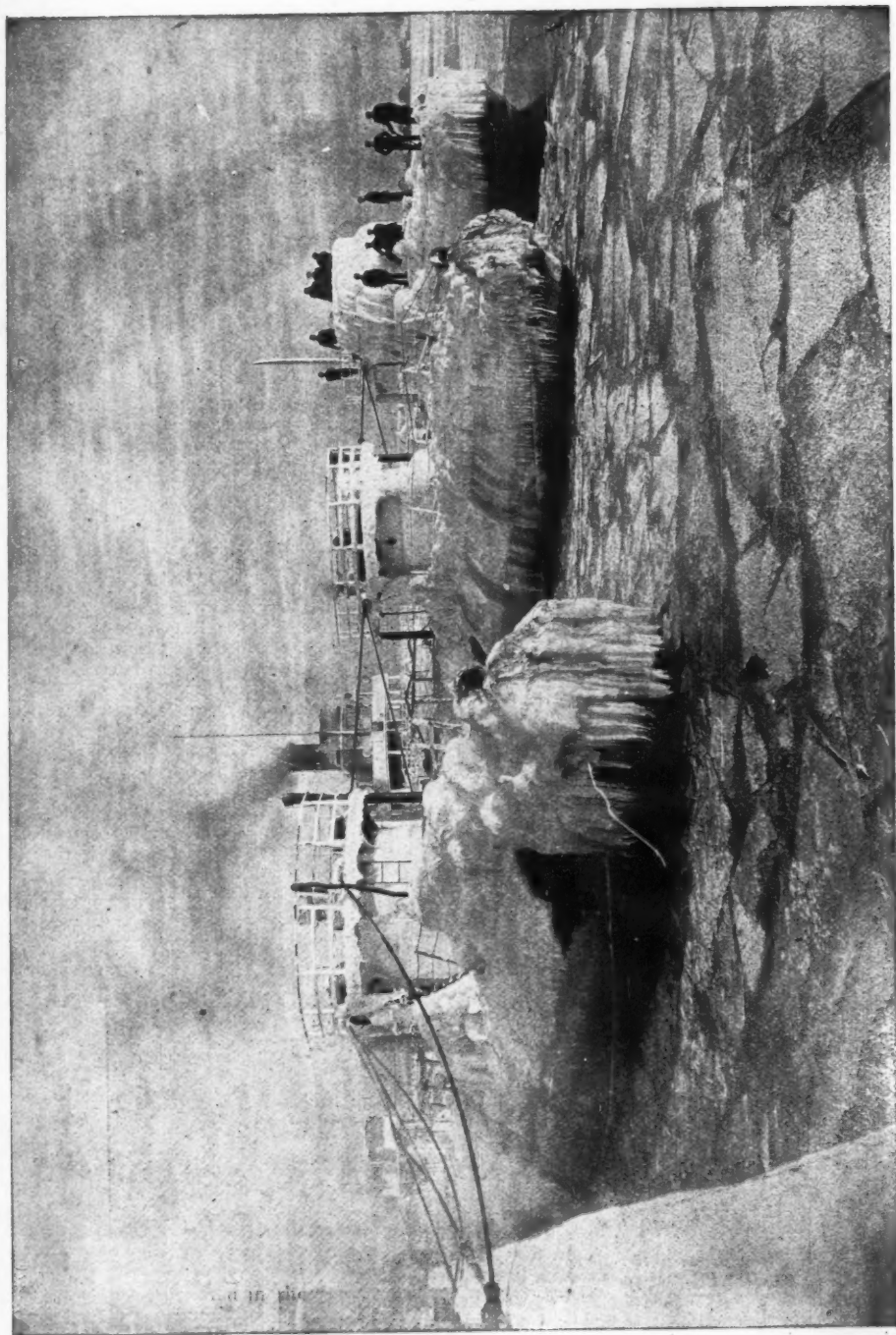
Pardner insisted that I photograph her with the fish and I did so. You will notice that the fish is about two-thirds as long as Pardner is, and when we put the tape on him two hours and a half later he measured thirty-four inches. At this time also we put him on a pair of Fairbanks scales that Bush used at the hotel and he weighed fifteen pounds. This was two and a half hours after he was killed and he had bled like a pig because the Medicine Man, in fastening a cord in the gills, had cut them and bled the fish until there could not have been any more left, I think, so I am inclined to think that the weight at the river bank was not far from correct, but I only say that he weighed fifteen pounds instead of sixteen, as I know the smaller weight was accurate at the time of weighing and besides a fifteen pound Rainbow is the largest ever anyhow, so let it go at that.

Pardner carried him up the trail toward the hotel until she got tired and I photographed her as she walked away, just because she looked so much like the "Cod Liver Oil man" that has been staring us in the face so long!

This fish is the record catch as far as I know, but the biggest fish is still in the Sky-ko-mish at Index, for I saw larger ones than this one in the pools and I intend to go again and break this record for size, for there is no better place in the world for monster trout, I am sure, than at Index or some other of the points that are easily reached by the railroad, as it follows the stream for thirty miles or so.



Fishing on Newman's Lake, Wash.



Whalebacks in Winter Quarters at the Head of the Great Lakes—Page 192

ABOARD OF THE LAKE CRAFT

Life of the Fresh Water Sailor

By HARRY L. MERRIAM

Captain to First Mate—"Mr. Jones, I think you had better have the topsails reefed."

First Mate to Second Mate—"Smith, reef the topsails."

Second Mate to Boatswain—"Blank your eyes, Brown, reef topsails."

Boatswain (standing at entrance to forecabin with a belaying pin in his hand and hitting on the head the first man who appears)—"Blank your blankety blank skulls! Why didn't you reef tawps'ls an hour ago?"

That is the way an order is transmitted from the captain to the crew at sea. On the great lakes orders are given in a different way. The captain comes on deck, casts his eye to windward, sees that the wind is freshening.

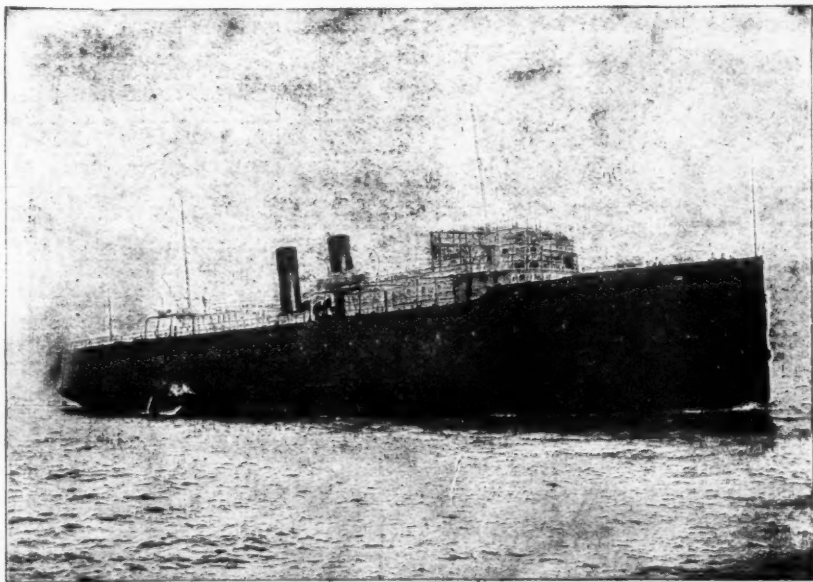
"Jim," he'll say to the mate, "the wind is coming up. I guess you'd better reef the main topsails."

"Hey, Billy," the mate will cry out, "you and Joe better get up and reef the main topsails."

The order is obeyed with great alac-

rity; and the sails are reefed more quickly than they are at sea, where orders are reinforced by oaths and strokes of the belaying pin. The life of the sailor at sea has been depicted in vivid terms by W. Clark Russell; his comforts and discomforts, his brutality and unselfishness, his suffering and his joy, have been completely described. As yet, however, no one has ventured to touch upon the experiences of lake sailors. Most of them have been at sea; and in the dog watch on a lake schooner bound from Chicago to a minor lake port with a cargo of grain stories of Cape Horn, of the China sea, and the frost of the arctic region are as common as tales of the boulevard in a hotel smoking-room.

Ordinary schooners have a crew of four men, a cook, captain, and mate, the two latter standing watch and watch. Big vessels like the James G. Blaine, owned by the Dunham company, have a crew of six men and two mates. Members of the crew receive \$1.50 a day, the second mate \$1.75 a day, the first mate \$2 a day, and



Steam Car Ferry, Pere Marquette, Plying Between Ludington and Manitowoc on Lake Michigan

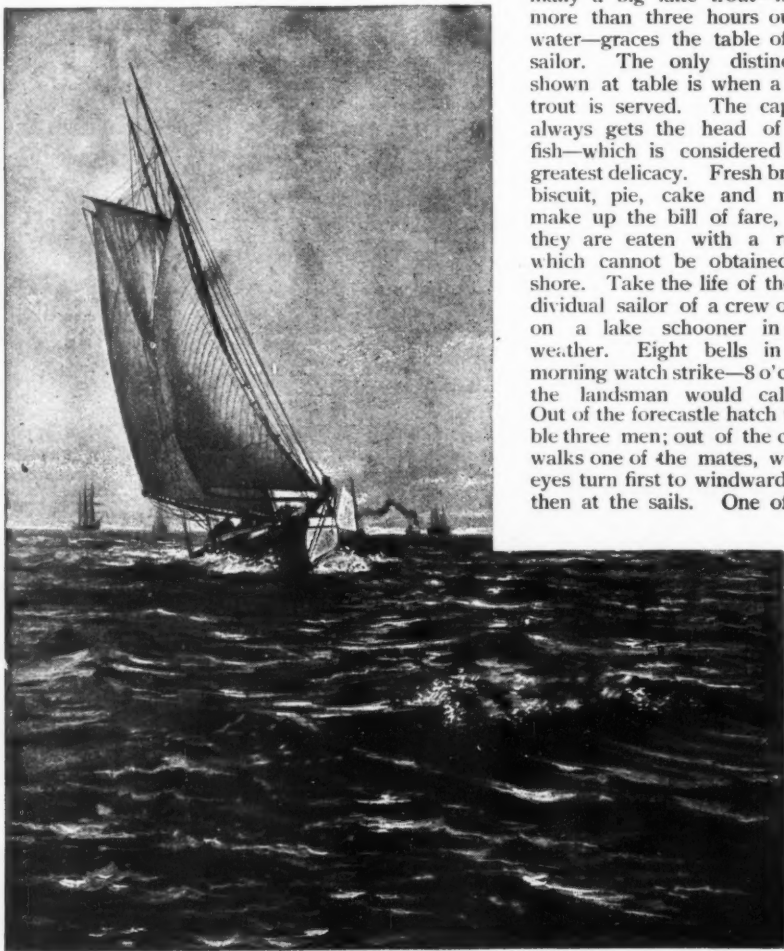
the captain \$90 a month. After the 1st of November, though, when navigation is so dangerous that insurance companies will not take risks on vessels, these wages are nearly doubled. But even at the increased pay sailors are hard to get in winter. They say that a winter voyage on the lakes is a perpetual doubling of Cape Horn with the icebergs left out.

There is a sense of companionship, a sort of family relation, as it were, on board a big schooner, which is delightful. A popular captain—and the brutal commanders in the lake service are exceedingly few—gets his crew together early in the spring and the men sail with him for the rest of the season. One captain has had the same crew for the last four years. Bill Jones knows all about Tom Smith's family, is aware that Smith has a

certain sum saved up, and that he is going to buy a farm, get married, and settle down to a quiet life as soon as he can. Smith knows all the facts in Jones' private life. The first mate is in love with the captain's daughter, and as soon as he can get command of a schooner and obtain the requisite \$90 a month he expects to marry her. These things make life on board pleasant and afford better subjects of conversation than the last murder in Chicago or the newest dancer in a Clark street saloon and music hall.

Crew, captain, and mates all take their meals together in the cabin, with one man at the wheel and another on the lookout outside. The fare is plain, but substantial and good—far different from sea diet. During the hours of daylight a trolling line is constantly over the stern, and

many a big lake trout—never more than three hours out of water—graces the table of the sailor. The only distinction shown at table is when a lake trout is served. The captain always gets the head of the fish—which is considered the greatest delicacy. Fresh bread, biscuit, pie, cake and meats make up the bill of fare, and they are eaten with a relish which cannot be obtained on shore. Take the life of the individual sailor of a crew of six on a lake schooner in fair weather. Eight bells in the morning watch strike—8 o'clock the landsman would call it. Out of the forecandle hatch tumble three men; out of the cabin walks one of the mates, whose eyes turn first to windward and then at the sails. One of the



On the Stormy Bosom of Lake Superior

crew goes to the wheel abaft the little cabin.

"The course is sow-sow-east," the man who is relieved says in sailor's vernacular.

The new wheelsman glances at the compass under the binnacle, grasps the spokes of the wheel. The destiny of the ship belongs to him, and he feels the dignity which belongs to his position. Another man goes forward to the fore-castle deck to relieve the lookout. The man relieved says that there is nothing in sight or that there is a sail off the lee bow, as the case may be. Then he goes below.

Amidships is the station of the third member of the watch. He does nothing until the mate begins to think. Perhaps the mate sees a spot on the bulwarks where the paint has been rubbed off in loading the cargo. The sailor has to paint that spot so that it looks like the rest of the railing. Perhaps there is a place on the shrouds where the tar has worn away. The sailor has to get a tar bucket and renew the coating. A coil of rope may not be symmetrical. He makes that shipshape. He is the man of all work. His jobs are easy and the time passes quickly.

So it is with the man at the wheel. He has something to do. A big wave strikes the bow. He has to meet it with his rudder. The course is south, southeast. At times he may have to change the course half a point to meet the varying moods of the wind and still keep the general direction. Monotony rests with the lookout. He has not space enough under foot to enable him to pace the planks. His eyes are bent forward, and there is nothing for him to see generally except the point where the horizon meets the waters of the monotonous shore line. For him two, four, six, and eight bells—12 o'clock—cannot sound too quickly. Then his watch of four hours will be over.

In the meantime the other watch is below. The oil lamp which swings dismally in the center of the fore-castle sends forth a sickening smell and gives but a feeble light. One man is sleepy and immediately seeks his bunk, from which snores soon emanate loud enough to make one think that a vessel in distress is firing signals to obtain help. Another man mends his breeches, using a sailor's needle and thimble. A housewife would disdain these implements, but they do effective, if unattractive work. The third man goes on deck, draws a bucket of water, and washes some of his clothes.

This is the usual scene in calm weather. But in a storm there is no such time of peaceful inactivity. A hurried shout in stentorian tones into the fore-castle, accompanied by a number of thumps on the hatch with a belaying pin, calls all hands

on deck. The vessel is leaning over till her lee bulwarks are almost even with the water. The lake is a mass of foam and occasionally big waves dash over the windward rails and three feet of water are sluicing the decks, making it impossible for the hardiest sailor to maintain a position without a firm grasp upon a rope. It's "shorten sail" now, and up the windward and leeward shrouds clamber the crew, with the agility of monkeys on trees in their native forests. On the leeward shrouds, so great is the slant of the vessel, a man's feet will slip from the ratlines occasionally, and he will hang in midair suspended only by his hands, with the boiling sea beneath ready to act as a tomb for his body. Upper and lower sails are furled, jibs taken in, the vessel goes along under a close-reefed foresail, and then one watch may go below. All the men are exhausted by their exertions. It is no time now for mending breeches or washing clothes. Each one tumbles into his bunk and is asleep in a moment, knowing that the cry for all hands may come in a moment, and fearing that the pumps may have to be manned.

Intoxicating liquor on a lake schooner is an article tabooed. The captain generally has a big bottle of whisky or brandy to be used in case of sickness, but the sailor has to be actually sick in order to get a taste of it. When a Canadian port is reached short leave is eagerly sought, for there whiskey can be obtained for five cents a drink, and is freely indulged in. However, in these ports excuse rarely prevails, because the crew have to work hard unloading the vessel, and intoxication is not an incentive to shoveling grain or handling lumber.

Goderich, Canada, is the favorite port of the lake sailors. Vessels which land there are usually laden with grain, which is unloaded by steam shovel, which makes little work for the crew. The town is beautifully situated on a high bluff, overlooking Lake Huron, and the American Consul, Robert S. Chilton, who, by the way, was appointed to the consular service by Daniel Webster, when he was Secretary of State, is a friend to the American sailor, when he gets in trouble. Goderich represents to the crew of a lake schooner, the place described by Kipling as "somewhere east of Suez," and as the vessels are tied up at the dock there you can hear verse sung in loud, deep voices going from one to the other.

Ship me somewhere east of Suez
Where the best is like the worst,
Where they ain't no ten commandments
And a man can raise a thirst.

Generally the thirst has already been raised and is quenched at a near-by hotel, which sells a much better liquor at a

much cheaper price than do the grog-shops along shore in an American city.

Revenue officers look with lenient eyes on the sailors who come back from Canadian ports. They are guilty of smuggling—almost all of them—but this crime consists only in bringing across the line articles for their own use, such as clothes, shoes, or a few bottles of whiskey. Of course, bold attempts at smuggling have been made, and several schooners have been seized for carrying on illegal traffic but these cases are rare. Sailors are quick to apprise the authorities when any vessel falls under their suspicion, and this is the reason, perhaps, that they are allowed

house at Chicago breakwater north by east for thirty-five knots, then due north forty knots, then east by north seventy-five knots, and the Sheboygan light will appear off the port bow."

Of course these are not the sailing directions to reach Sheboygan, but they are the terms in which they are expressed. By some kind of an intuitive sense the captain figures out the leeway and tells by the log, the smell of the waters, or the looks of the last fish caught, where he is. Vessels sometimes go out of their course, but these are rare cases. In his first mate the captain has a valuable assistant to correct him if he errs in judgment.



Entrance to the Harbor of Superior, on Lake Superior

a little liberty themselves in customhouse matters.

To the uninitiated there is a mystery about sailing on the lakes which is not attendant on sea navigation. Not a schooner on the lakes possesses a sextant, and observations are never taken. It is doubtful if half a dozen captains know the science of navigation. Land is out of sight for several days at a time, and yet the vessel puts in at the port bound for without trouble. Directions such as these are the sailing orders: "Steer from light-

What becomes of the Chicago sailor in winter is a question that no one can answer. The headquarters of the sailors' union is on Desplaines street, near the viaduct, but only a few of them are ever found there. The sailor is not a saving chap, and in winter he has to seek another occupation. Some of them work on farms—farming is ideal work to a marine—and others seek occupations in the city. A good sailor is a jack of all trades and there is scarcely anything that he can't turn his hand to with profit.

TRAINING THE MEMORY

By C. L. PELMAN

Author of the "Pelman System of Memory Training," "The Natural Way to Learn a Language,"
"The School of the Future," Etc.

Memory training is receiving a good share of public attention just now. In the stress and strain of modern life success becomes every day a matter more difficult of attainment. In the pursuit of success many factors play a part, among the more prominent being industry, trustworthiness, and readiness of resource. But, important as are these qualifications, there is one which is even more indispensable, and that is a thoroughly good memory. It is probably safe to assert that no man ever has, or ever will, attain success on his own merits unless he possesses a really sound memory. And yet, curiously enough, although memory is of the first necessity in aiming at success, few faculties are more deplorably neglected in cultivation. The circumstance, no doubt, arises from the prevalent, though entirely erroneous, impression that a man's memory is a quantity definitely fixed by Nature and incapable of improvement by individual effort. In actual fact the very reverse is the case, and there is no function of the brain more easily trained and developed, if only the right principles are adopted. From time to time various methods have been propounded with a view to solving the problem; but scientific opinion and the experience of thousands of students who have investigated the subject have proved beyond question that only the systems of comparatively recent origin are capable of really practical results, of actual value in one's daily business and social life.

The memory is quite as capable of development as the muscles. It is simply a question of intelligent training. The successful memory training system of today is based on absolutely irrefutable psychological principles. It embodies the latest researches of American, English, and European specialists in the science of the mind. It develops the natural memory on natural lines and has nothing in common with so-called "mnemonic" systems. At the same time it is not abstruse, but is so simple as readily to be understood, mastered, and applied by pupils of all ages.

Memory is a mental function, and has its seat in the brain. It is the primary and principal component in the group of phenomena to which men have attached the designation "mind." There are two

kinds of memory, conscious and sub-conscious. The conscious memory is that concerned with all processes of intellectual knowledge and reasoning; while the sub-conscious memory is concerned chiefly in governing the more mechanical and physical actions of the body, such as eating, walking, etc. Sub-conscious memory is largely the outcome of habit, while conscious memory owes its development to the use of the mind controlled by the exercise of judgment. Conscious memory involves observation, attention, comparison, and thought; but in sub-conscious memory these elements are only more remotely discernible. Occasionally it has been suggested that imagination plays a part in memory; but such a theory is a fallacy and a most dangerous one. The uncontrolled play of the imagination leads to the most disastrous mental consequences and to serious forms of insanity.

It has been asserted above that memory is a mental function; but it does not follow from this that, in order to develop memory to the highest possible point, it is sufficient merely to give certain exercises for the mind; the senses also must receive some share of attention.

The brain is an extremely delicate and sensitive organ, yet it directs every action of the body, even to the slightest movement. Every expression or instance of its use, no matter how apparently insignificant such may be, involves memory. A man totally devoid of memory would be, in the most literal sense of the word, an idiot, and he would be unable even to walk or feed himself. In every hour of life, from birth to death, memory is exhibited in one form or another.

The memory, especially if it be improperly used, is liable to various obscure diseases, many of which might be avoided by knowledge of the scientific working of the brain. Among the occasional results of a diseased sub-conscious memory may be mentioned certain forms of paralysis. It is not, of course, suggested that Memory Training will cure paralysis; but that curious mental malady known as hypochondriasis has been very successfully combated by it.

A bad memory may be either inherited or acquired; and it may be due to inefficient attention, lack of concentration,

of Memory Training. The weakest natural memory may be trained to accomplish satisfactory results, while memories already good rapidly become phenomenally weak of the power of comparing, or to any one of numerous other causes. But, be its origin what it may, it can always be cured by an intelligent system. Even the loss of memory arising from the decay of old age may be compensated for in a great measure by its assistance.

Scarcely less prominent than memory among the factors that make for success is the power of concentration. It is extremely rare for really good work to be accomplished by any one addicted to mind-wandering. The evil is really an easy one to cure, by following certain exercises especially designed to cope with the difficulty, and by the practice of these exercises concentration becomes a natural habit of the mind.

Knowledge is power, but the acquirement of knowledge is impossible without a good memory. What is the use of persevering study until the depth of night, if on the last day of the week we have forgotten what we had learned on the first? Think of the waste of time if we have to repeat the old matter again and again in order to fix it definitely in the mind, instead of proceeding forthwith to fresh matter, problems, and ideas. It is not the great number of hours during which we sit over our books that hastens our progress, but the manner in which we go to work when learning; and it is certain that the majority of people follow wrong methods. For example: How does a boy learn that the French word for house is *maison*? Why, by saying: *maison, house; maison, house*, about twenty times. Now, it is a psychological fact that the mind constantly seeks for fresh ideas. It cannot rest with one and the same idea or word, unless it can at least gain a new aspect of it; it must go on to a fresh idea. After the boy has said *maison, house*, perhaps three times attentively, all the novelty of *maison* has been absorbed, and his mind wanders off while the lips alone repeat *maison, house*; and that is what we call distraction or mind-wandering. By the

time the boy has learned five thousand words in this manner, he has gone through a most ingenious training for acquiring the bad habit of mind-wandering. Supposing the boy could bring himself to think of nothing else but *maison* and *house*; all the while that he is saying it with his lips, he would go against the laws of nature, and thereby damage his mental and bodily health severely. Hence this manner of learning must be rejected absolutely. The purely receptive work of the mind soon tires us, while the productive work increases our desire for continuing it and this is where up-to-date, scientific memory training plays its part. It teaches us how to turn reception into production, and how to fix our attention to the work before us so that our thoughts cannot wander. What is here written applies principally to intellectual studies; but fixing names, appointments, prices of goods, etc., in the mind so as to recall them at once is exactly the same process. It holds as good equally for the business or professional man as for the student. Concentration must become our second nature. But this is more easily said than done. We may try again and again, and yet come to a lamentable issue, if science does not show us the right way.

We have now seen how indispensable to success is a good memory, and how extremely valuable an auxiliary in the same direction is a satisfactory power of concentration. By scientifically training the memory both these faculties are placed within our reach. It remains for us to ask candidly whether we can afford to be without them. We know that without memory we can never make our way to a high place in the world, and that we will continually be surpassed by men whose abilities in other ways are perhaps far inferior to our own. But with the memory and power of concentration that we will gain by intelligent memory training all roads are open to us and we need place few limits to our ambitions. Even if we are so fortunate as to have as good a natural memory as we feel will suffice for our actual needs, memory training will organize the brain and effect an enormous saving in the amount of mental effort we have to expend.

LIFE

By PLYS LING

Oh, Life is sweet
And Love is kind,
Life heralds Death,
But Love is blind.

Love only sees
The Life it gave,
While Death stands dark
Beside the grave.

But after Death
We find above—
More perfect Life,
Most perfect Love.

From the Editor's Note Book

In a Middle-Western State there are two towns of about twelve thousand inhabitants a few score miles apart. They have the

Energy
vs.
Procrastination

same climate, the same natural and railway advantages, the same kind of surrounding country, practically the same kind of population. Yet one town is like a city, the other like a village. The city-town is well paved and well lighted. The houses are comfortable and attractive, the shops are good, and in the streets are well-dressed, energetic, cheerful people. The village-town is slovenly in air and gait. The citizens lounge along the streets. There are many drygoods cases and barrels at the edges of the sidewalks and each has its group of dreary-eyed whittlers. There is a cause for everything; there is a cause for the difference in these two towns. That cause is—one man. He lives in the city-town. He is not its richest, not its most conspicuous citizen. But he has two great talents—the talent for keeping himself up to the mark, the talent for making others feel that they must follow his example. He has neither preached nor posed. He found his town like its neighbor, facing the cemetery and creeping toward it. He faced himself the other way, was presently joined by half a dozen others, by a score, by a hundred, by a thousand—and the battle was won. Some one said the other day that of the eighty million people in this country less than a quarter of a million made it progress—that is, if a certain quarter of a million or less were to be wiped out suddenly at the same time the country would begin a retrograde movement from which it could not recover for years, if ever. Whether this estimate of the number of Americans who actually constitute the public opinion that is intelligently and energetically for enlightened progress be too small or too large, the point of the observation is unimpaired. We know that the number of really efficient and valuable persons is small in comparison with the total number, that the great mass of human beings is inert, is wholly dependent upon leadership. But we know also that, thanks to free institutions, the number of these force-units and force-centres is greater in America than in any other country present or past. Look at any community, at any group of human beings gathered together for whatever purpose, and you will soon see how few of its members are in the least positive, how many are negative, are either inert or are docile instruments of the force that happens to come their way.

And then you understand why evil, though weak in comparison with the forces of good, is yet so potent in human affairs. Evil is never positive; it is always negative. To-day's bad is yesterday's good; to-day's good is tomorrow's bad. Our worst criminal is simply an untimely exhibition of the highest morality of some period in the barbaric past. The best soldier that Agamemnon led to Troy would be shot as an unspeakable wretch in any army of civilization today. To become evil is merely to stand still. Every rightly applied energy is striving for the increase in the number of those who do not rest, who are not negative, but are positive units, giving out force as well as receiving it, or at least capable of receiving force. And because you dress in the same manner as your positive neighbor instead of wearing the skin of a wild beast, because you take in the same papers and magazines, vote the same ticket and use the same language, don't be satisfied that you are really an independent marcher in the army of progress. You may be there because the pressure of those on all sides is too great to permit you to escape. Or you may be sitting by the wayside, part of the army only in the sense that you are clad in its uniform—which was furnished by some one else.

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John Brisben Walker is the editor of the *Cosmopolitan*. He is also an enthusiastic sportsman. His present hobby is the automobile. Mr. Walker (sounds odd without the rest of the name, doesn't it?) does not confine his interest in the horseless carriage to its delights as a factor in speed; he is most interested in the auto as the instrumentality through which the problems of the street transportation in large cities shall be solved, congestions avoided, street railway presidents reduced from the position of lordly autocrats to one of proper subservience to the public, and costly expenditures for subways, like that now under construction in New York, avoided. In the current issue of the *Independent* he gives the results of five years' studies and of actual experiments involved in carrying more than 50,000 passengers in New York, Buffalo and other cities. The declaration with which he opens his budget of alleged facts—made recently before the rapid transit commission of New York city—that "before the first car of the tunnel had been put in operation the tunnel system would be out of date," is sufficiently startling—

or rather would be so did we not recognize therein the characteristic helter-skelter way in which Mr. Walker always sets out after he has lighted the fires under the quick-acting boiler of a new enthusiasm. And it is hard, even then, to avoid catching his fever, in view of the figures he presents. For instance, he shows that the maximum carrying capacity of the Brooklyn bridge during the rush hour was said to be 23,000 persons moved in one direction. With automobiles moving on four roadways—the same now occupied by electric cars—he claims it to be mathematically demonstrated that 50,000 passengers could be transferred in an hour, or more than double the maximum moved by the electric cars. For the general passenger traffic of a city he claims it to be demonstrable that "mobile" rapid transit wagons will afford greater speed, greater safety and greater convenience than the electric street car systems. On the latter, the blocking of a single car stops the entire line. The cars must be allowed a long headway. The "mobile" carriage, seating fourteen persons, light and easily managed, winds rapidly in and out among other vehicles, stopping for none, and picks up and lands its passengers at the curb instead of in the middle of the street, thus avoiding the most prolific source of accidents. The "mobile" transportation system is not confined, like that of the street railway, to a few streets, but may spread itself over all, thus making congestion rare, and obviating most of the difficulties which gather about the moving of a large part of a city's population hither and thither several times a day. As to the comparative cost of operation, Mr. Walker's facts—if they be facts—are the most amazing of all. He claims that an investment of ten millions would do for New York's passenger traffic as much as is accomplished by the three or four hundred millions already piled up in other agencies seeking to accomplish the same end; and that the cost of operating and keeping in repair 5,000 "mobile" wagons "would not be much more than the fixed charges and for interest on the stocks and bonds of the old systems. On the basis of an amount of travel equal to that at present, and five-cent fares, regardless of distance, he claims that the number of "mobiles" named would earn 114½ per cent per annum on the investment of \$10,000,000 which would be required to put them in operation. The "mobile wagon" which Mr. Walker advocates is not a racing vehicle such as has terrorized so many communities, but a light, safe, fast, steady-going omnibus, limited to fourteen passengers, every one of them seated, and no "straps" for others to hang upon. He claims that in two years' operation of a certain number of these vehicles, carrying 50,000 passengers, so easily and perfectly are they con-

trolled that not one serious accident has occurred, and only two of any kind—the entire damages claimed being less than \$40. Surely here be visions pointing to a field of enterprise for adventurous capitalists in a great many other cities besides New York. If it has been already demonstrated that street railway tracks are no longer a necessity, and that the crowded car can be successfully and profitably displaced by the more comfortable and convenient "mobile wagon," there should be a general awakening to the fact. The omnibus gave way to the horse car, the horse car to the cable, the cable to the trolley. Would it be at all surprising if Mr. Walker's enthusiasm should turn out to be that of a true prophet, and that the trolley should in turn disappear before the march of Invention?

Proverbs and aphorisms are easily reversed, and Americans have amused themselves for years by writing fables with morals contrary to the accepted endings. In our philosophy, the hare is more likely to win than the tortoise. Two successful and wealthy business men, among the recently dead, have left sayings—one of which Benjamin Franklin would never have thought of risking. "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself," is the stereotyped saw. "My principle of economy," said Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, "was never to do anything myself if I could pay any one else to do it as well." The truest economy, that was—the saving of one's self for the most important uses. The greatest weakness of Mr. Gladstone as a political leader was that he could never allow a subordinate to do anything, and similar conduct is a weakness also in business. Mr. Swift, the pork-packer, has left a considerable collection of aphorisms behind him, all concentrated on the idea of making money. They evidently are intended for a philosophy of life, but not one of them is disconnected from thoughts of wealth and business. Just one has that freshness which marks the best American aphoristic wisdom. It is the one which limits the meaning of "mind your own business." Next to knowing your own business, says our Chicago packer, the best thing you can do is to know a great deal about the business of your neighbors. That remark is racy, and it is true. The rest of the maxims, however, merely show the mind to which "business" is everything. They instill the necessity of hard work, a level head, ambition, and, above all, economy. "No man, however rich, has enough money to waste in putting on style." Mr. Swift doubtless could not have understood that a sense of style is at the basis of all real culture, of all art, of the highest civilization. There is good

style and bad style, good taste and bad taste. The business man who has only the common-sense that belongs to business in its primitive forms dislikes both style and taste. "No young man is rich enough to smoke twenty-five-cent cigars, and never will be." Luxury, of course, is even more wrong, in such eyes, than style. Mr. Hewitt would not have written that aphorism. If the cigars that agreed with him best and gave him most pleasure cost much more than twenty-five cents he would have smoked them. Mr. Hewitt, though a business man, was liberalized by education, by environment, by participation in politics and in all departments of civic life. Mr. Swift's maxims represent the narrowest business point of view, from which the whole world is judged on the basis of small economy.

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The glamor attached to American invasion of Canada is beginning to wear off, just as scores of other stampedes have

United States vs. Canada come to an end. After all, there is no good reason why our farmers should forsake the land of their birth and take up their homes under King Edward's flag. The average American farmer is just as avaricious as his neighbor, but he is also as patriotic, if not more so. He must be offered a good deal before he will forswear allegiance to the Stars and Stripes and become converted into a British subject. And that is just what he has to do in order to take up free lands in Canada. The enterprising Canadian agents do not dwell on this point in advertising Canadian lands to American farmers. Much is said about the soil, the climate, the crops—nothing about the King's oath allegiance. A perceptible exodus of Americans from Canada is already noticeable. Many young American farmers from the East and Middle West, attracted to Canada by the Elysian tales, are returning to their homes, proverbially sadder but wiser. After all, why should Uncle Sam send his brawny young farmers into Canada to work for the upbuilding of King Edward's domain? If Canada could offer more than our country, then there would be some excuse for this alleged invasion. But all Canada, with its almost limitless territory, is no match in point of attraction to the Western States. Where there is one opportunity in Canada there are a hundred in the West. The Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Alaska—what a wealth of opportunities they contain for the farmer, the woodsman, the miner, the manufacturer, the capitalist. Old as Greeley's time-honored advice is, it is more applicable every day—"Go West, young man, go West." Not to the domains of a foreign monarch, but out into

God's country, where a future, glistening like diamond-tiara, with opportunities galore.

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It may be asked if American domestic habits have not something to do with the frequent breakdown of American nerves.

American Domestic Habits

In perhaps the majority of cases, in cities at least, the day is admirably arranged so as to give the business man no rest whatever until he gets into bed. It has come within our observation that, in our civilization, there are three systems of living out the ordinary working-day. There is the French system, which is that of the continent of Europe in general; there is the English system; and there is the American system. The last combines the chief features of the other two. The Englishman goes to work late and comes away early; but during working hours he works all the time. His luncheon is light, and eaten hastily—perhaps at his desk. For this he makes up by a leisurely breakfast and a leisurely dinner; while he has the early part of the morning and the latter part of the afternoon to himself. The Frenchman, on the other hand, goes to work early, and works hard till noon. The American is apt to underrate the energy with which the Frenchman works while he is working. But at noon work ceases, and he sits down to an abundant meal, well cooked, well served, and eaten with appetite and in peace.

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It is a wholesome indication that Americans are learning to travel; learning how to take trips that do not merely mean going

The Art of Traveling

"from Startville to Stopburg," but that teach the traveler something. The immense demand for books, booklets, folders and magazines pertaining to travel and the quantity of these "tracts" being put forth by the many transportation lines, chambers of commerce and other bodies, proves that prospective tours, and even business trips, are generally prefaced by a season of reading and preparation that all the enjoyment possible may be extracted from the contemplated journey. The traveler who sets forth thus equipped reaps a profit which eludes the man who has no previous knowledge of the country. The latter passes with unappreciative eyes all the interesting and instructive features along the route. He merely gets transportation; the other man enjoys a delightful journey. If you are going to take a trip, it pays to learn to travel. Do not rest content with being merely transported, like so much merchandise.

RECIPROCITY BUREAU

Club Women—Club Life—Club Etiquette

Edited by Mary Allcot McKusick

The object of these pages shall be to bring the women's clubs of America into communication for acquaintance and mutual helpfulness. Committees on Reciprocity, Education, Town and Country Improvement, Art, Libraries, Household Economics, Mothers' Clubs, and other departments, are invited to tell us of the work they have accomplished at home and abroad; and what they desire to accomplish in the future along educational, artistic, altruistic and reformatory lines. Programs, papers and suggestions in club work will be sent upon application to the editor. Also programs, outlines of work, papers or suggestions will be published if sent to the editor. The introductory pages in this department will be written

by Mrs. Chas. N. Akers of St. Paul, Minnesota. Mrs. Akers is the efficient chairman of the Minnesota's Reciprocity Bureau and will acquaint our readers with the work done in her department with the assistance of her staff of able co-workers. Her article will appear in the September number.

Mrs. E. M. La Penotiere, president M. F. W. C. will extend greetings to club women through the columns of this magazine in the September number. With so happy an introduction, and the excellent club papers now being prepared for this department both at home and abroad, we look forward to "The Union of all for the good of all."

The Editor.

THE WOMEN'S CLUB OF MOORHEAD, MINNESOTA

From the club program loaned by the Minnesota Reciprocity Bureau, we find the Women's Club at Moorhead was organized in 1893. Their calendar reads as follows:

1893-1894—Their course of study was Egypt.

1894-1895—Greece.

1895-1896—Ancient Rome.

1896-1897—Middle Ages.

1897-1898—Western Europe in the Sixteenth Century.

1898-1899—England and France in the Seventeenth Century.

1899-1900—English Men and Letters of the Eighteenth Century.

1900-1901—English Men and Letters of the First Half of the Nineteenth Century.

1901-1902—English Men and Letters of the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century.

1902-1903—The Story of Our Country from the Period of Exploration through the Establishment of the Constitution.

I. Period of Exploration and Discovery.

The Aborigines.

Early Exploration of the Norsemen.

Spanish, French, and English Explorers.

II. The Colonial Period in the South.

European Conditions That Led to Colonization.

Character of Early Settlers.

John Smith.

Changes in Government from 1606-1624.

Influence of Cavaliers.

The Personality of Thomas Dale.

Bacon's Rebellion.

Virginian Sabbath.

Slavery in the South.

Georgia—A Colony with a New Purpose.

The Carolinas.

The Southern Lady and Gentleman.

III. The Colonial Period in New England.

Conditions That Led to Formation of New England Type.

Contrast between Pilgrims and Puritans.

Growth of Political Freedom.

Roger Williams.

Vice-Royalty of Andros.

The "Deedstrict School."

Connecticut "Blue Laws."

New England Sabbath.

IV. The Colonial Period in the Middle Colonies.

Rise and Fall of Dutch Power in New Netherlands.

Penn and His Colony.

Maryland as a Proprietary Colony.

Old New York.

V. Comparison of Northern, Southern and Middle Group.

Political Institutions.

Religious Life.

Industrial Conditions.

Social Customs.

Educational Standards.

VI. The Period of Struggle between England and France, 1689-1763.

Conditions Leading to Struggle for Supremacy.

Warfare around Quebec.

Expulsion of Arcadians.

Comparison of the French and English Treatment of the Indians.

The French in the South and West. A Half Century of Conflict.

Conspiracy of Pontiac.

Reasons for the Final Supremacy of the English.

II. Causes of the Revolution.

Conditions in Europe Leading to Struggle.

Conditions in America Leading to Struggle.

Campaign around Boston.

Franklin—Character Sketch.

III. The Struggle.

Change in the Basis of the Struggle after July 4, 1776.

First Attempt to Get Possession of the Hudson.

Second Attempt to Get Possession of the Hudson.

Campaign in the South.

IX. Striking Personalities of the Revolutionary Period.

George Washington, Burgoyne, Cornwallis, Marquis Lafayette.

Comparison of the Treason of Benedict Arnold and Chas. Lee.

X. Critical Period.

Political Issues at Close of Revolution.

Northwest Territory a Bond of Union.

Organization of Government on a New Basis.

Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall and the Supreme Court.

James Madison.

Alexander Hamilton and "The Federalist."

XI. Questions Confronting Washington as President.

Interstate Commerce. Currency Problems.

Tariff Questions. Jay's Treaty.



A STUDY OF "THE ENGLISH PEOPLE."

To our correspondent who asks for an outline for club work on "The English People," the editor would answer with the following suggestions. The study of "The English People" will not be of English Kings nor English Conquests, but will pass briefly over the details of foreign wars and diplomacies, the personal adventures of kings and nobles, the pomps of courts, or the intrigues of favorites; and dwell with force and length on the incidents of that constitutional, intellectual, and social advance in which we read the true history of the people which constitute the nation itself. In England,

more than in other countries, constitutional progress has been the result of social development, and political history of social changes, therefore the especial study of the religious, intellectual, and industrial progress of the nation is suggested.



THE ENGLISH PEOPLE

I. The English Kingdoms, 607-1013.

1. Britain and the English.
2. The English Conquest.
3. The Northumbrian Kingdom.
4. The Three Kingdoms.
5. Wessex and the Danes.
6. The West-Saxon Realm.

II. England under Foreign Kings,

1013-1204.

1. The Danish Kings.
2. The English Restoration.
3. Normandy and the Normans.
4. The Conqueror.
5. The Norman Conquest.
6. The English Revival.
7. England and Anjou.
8. Henry the Second.
9. The Fall of the Angevins.

III. The Great Charter, 1204-1265.

1. English Literature under the Norman and Angevin Kings.
2. John, 1204-1215.
3. The Great Charter.
4. The Universities.
5. Henry the Third.
6. The Friars.
7. The Barons' War.

IV. The Three Edwards, 1265-1360.

1. The Conquest of Wales.
2. The English Parliament.
3. The Conquest of Scotland.
4. The English Towns.
5. The King and the Baronage.
6. The Scotch War of Independence.

V. The Hundred Years' War, 1336-1431.

1. Edward the Third.
2. The Good Parliament.
3. John Wyclif.
4. The Peasant Revolt.
5. Richard the Second.
6. The House of Lancaster.

VI. The New Monarchy, 1422-1540.

1. Joan of Arc.
2. The Wars of the Roses.
3. The New Monarchy.
4. The New Learning.
5. Wolsey.
6. Thomas Cromwell.

VII. The Reformation.

1. The Protestants, 1540-1553.
2. The Martyrs.
3. Elizabeth.
4. England and Mary Stuart.
5. The England of Elizabeth.
6. The Armada.
7. The Elizabethan Poets.
8. The Conquest of Ireland, 1588-1610

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

A Monthly Chronicle of the Various Ways in Which
Some Women Earn Money

The columns of this page will recount the various ways in which women "earn a penny." Our readers are requested to send in such accounts of their own work as will be suggestive to others. In each instance the account must be well au-

thenticated. For the best short story of not more than 200 words, on "How I Earn My Money," this magazine will make handsome remuneration each month. Address all communications to The Woman's Department, Smalley's Magazine, St. Paul, Minn.

THE GENTLEWOMAN AS A WAGE EARNER

The spirit of the twentieth century should be the spirit of helpfulness. In these progressive days when feminine independence is forced, perhaps, by uncertainty of fortune; and a woman finds herself suddenly thrust into the arena of public life to earn her living or support those dependent upon her, the first question she asks is: "What am I fitted to do?" The answer to this question will always be found within her own capabilities. Where others have walked, we, too, may find our way. Therefore these columns will chronicle authentic, honorable ways by which women may help. The very talent we seek may lie buried in a napkin, so close to us, that we never suspect its existence, until suggested by what others have done.

A woman sacrifices none of her pride of caste when she enters upon a business or professional career, so long as she maintains and demands that respect which is due her. No woman in business can afford to overlook this thought to the glory of her commercialism. At the same time she should neither ask nor expect favors on account of the "woman trying to earn a living." The sincerity of purpose, the firm maintenance of a dignity and reserve, is bound to bring success in any business or professional career in this land of freedom and equality. To the college girl who wants a Western trip, to the Western girl who longs for the seashore, it would be well for them to consider the

feasted by the best in the larder, by the hotel keeper, and flooded with tips from grateful old maids and bachelors.

There will also be convalescent children to amuse by story telling; to help them make pretty things, to soothe and help in a thousand ways. This work of entertaining small children is a work always in demand, and will be liberally paid for. The first step for the woman inclined and fitted for this work would be to make her object known, through some prominent physician, trained nurse or some patron of a prominent hotel.

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COLLEGE GIRLS TURN BAKERS

Two Radcliffe College girls, believing that college women who wish to work should relieve the oversupplied market of teachers by taking up trades, are running a scientific bakery with success in Cambridge, Mass. The proprietors of the business are Miss Stevenson, of South Carolina, and Miss Elliot, of Toronto, specialists in the chemistry of cooking. They make, bake and sell their scientific bread in a shop consisting of a kitchen and salesroom in the building of the Young Men's Christian Association. Miss Stevenson, the business manager, presides in the salesroom, and is kept busy overseeing the attendants and taking orders at her desk. Miss Elliott is head baker. In the beginning these two did all the work, but their business has grown so fast that they now have six assistants. The secrets of their bakery they do not divulge. It is all, they say, a matter of chemistry and individual thought and attention given to each loaf of bread. Their output at present is ninety-six loaves a day, and they make three kinds of bread, health bread, cream bread, and whole wheat bread. In the cream bread real cream is used, and the merit of the health bread is that it is absolutely free of yeast when done. They have wagons of their own by which they deliver not only in Cambridge but in Bos-

CARING FOR SMALL CHILDREN

Can you not imagine what a boon it would be, and how eagerly sought after would be the woman who would consider the entertainment of small children at the summer hotels; and lead the romping girls and boys away from the plazas and halls, down to the sands and away to the woods? On good authority, she would be

ton, and are likely soon to have to enlarge their quarters and to keep their ovens going all the time.—Adapted from the Grand Rapids Evening Press, sent by E. L. F.

EMERSON AS APPRECIATED TODAY

The centenary of Emerson's birth, celebrated May 25, by Emerson societies and similar associations in all parts of the country, by appropriate exercises, bids us heed what the Century critic says: "If it be true, as Matthew Arnold declares, that Emerson was not a born man of letters and not a legitimate poet, he has accomplished the wonder of adding to the world's literature and to its poetry some of the best treasures of artistic expression, and his literary influence is constantly increasing." He prophesies for Emerson's verse, "so tightly packed with thought," a permanent place in literature.

Ten prominent American magazines in their May issues contain tributes to Emerson. These appreciations of Emerson, though all favorable, are as diverse as their authors; but there is general agreement as to the quality and rank of his work. The depth of his insight, the purity of his thought, the freshness of his spirit, the wholeness and symmetry of his life, are far beyond the questioning of those few who do not understand. Dean Stanley says that Emerson was the greatest of American religious teachers.

Dr. Gordon, though taking exception to this, is an enthusiastic admirer, and speaks with eloquence of the Concord sage's wonderful insight into the heart of Christianity and his world-spread religious influence.

On Sunday evening, May 24, there will be memorial service in Symphony Hall Boston, addressed by President Eliot and at which a poem will be read by Prof. Geo. E. Woodbury. At Concord, on the following day, addresses will be delivered by Senator Hoar, Colonel Higginson, Prof. Charles Eli Norton, and others.

The Free Religious Association, of which Emerson was one of the founders will devote the principal session of its annual convention in May, to the subject of Emerson's religious influence. This association is also arranging for an Emerson memorial school, or conference, for three weeks, beginning July 13. The morning sessions of the school will be at Concord, and the evening sessions in Boston. In the thirty lectures to be delivered at this conference, the various aspects of Emerson's work and religious influence will be considered.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He graduated at Harvard in 1821, and for a few years oc-

cupied a Unitarian pulpit in his native city. He began in 1832 that career as a lecturer and author which continued almost to the period of his death in his eightieth year. His approaching centennial is calling forth many tributes to his work and genius, both in America and Europe. Dear to the hearts of all his readers and perhaps the best known is his little poem, "Each and All."

EACH AND ALL

Little thinks, in the field, you red-cloaked clown

Of thee from the hill-top looking down,
The heifer that lows in the upland farm
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm.

The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
While his files sweep round yon Alpine height.

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent
All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrows' note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now
For I did not bring home the river and sky,—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.

I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasure home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.

At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;—
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth;"—
As I spoke, beneath my feet.

LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN

All Communications for This Department Should be Addressed
Children's Department, Smalley's Magazine, St. Paul, Minn.

SEEING THINGS

By Eugene Field

I ain't afeard uv snakes, or toads, or
bugs, or worms, or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think
are awful nice!

I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate
to go to bed,

For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug
an' when my prayers are said,

Mother tells me "Happy dreams!" and
take away the light,

An' leaves me lyin' all alone and seein'
things at night.

Sometimes they're in the corner, some-
times they're by the door.

Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the
middle of the floor;

Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, some
times they're walkin' round

So softly and so creepy-like they never
make a sound!

Sometimes they are as black as ink, an'
other times they're white—

But the color ain't no difference when
you see things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just
moved on our street,

An' father sent me up to bed without a
bite to eat,

I woke up in the dark an' saw things
standin' in a row,

A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at
me—so!

Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I
never slept a mite—

It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see
things at night.

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be
skeered to death!

Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold
my breath;

An' I am, oh, so sorry I'm a naughty
boy, an' then

I promise to be better, an' I say my
prayers again!

Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to
make it right

When a feller has been wicked an' sees
things at night.

An' so when other naughty boys would
coax me into sin,

I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at
urges me within;

An' when they's pie for supper, or cakes
'at's big an' nice,

I want to—but I do not pass my plate
for them things twice!

No, ruther let Starvation wipe me slowly
out o' sight

Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein'
things at night!

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THE VALUE OF A GOOD NAME

If boys knew what golden capital a
"good name" is, and how it may be had
simply by the acting and "doing each day
that goes by some good thing, not in
dreaming of great things to do by and
by," they would work hard to possess this
capital. A wise man of old will say: "It
is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Yet it always helps to acquire riches. It
is of great importance to a boy what the
men of his town say of him. Never fancy
that they do not know you; that they have
no interest in you. The boy is a most
necessary commodity at present to every
business man. You find him employed
and at good wages during his vacation in
every line of work. Every business man
sees and estimates the boys he meets at
pretty nearly their own worth; every man
with sons of his own takes an interest in
other men's sons. There is nothing like
honest, obliging ways to make friends of
people, and to lead them to speak well
of you. That will be a stepping-stone to
your success in life. Never do any ques-
tionable act, or if you do, speak up and
tell the truth about it. And best of all say
not things that you cannot repeat before
your mother.

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HINTS FOR THE STAMP COLLECTOR

The following may help the boy or girl
stamp collector:

The following is a list of the portraits
of persons appearing on the postage
stamps of the United States, and of the
Confederate States, with the dates of the
birth and death of each:

United States—

Henry Clay, 1777—1852.

Christopher Columbus, 1446—1506.

David G. Farragut, 1801—1870.

Benjamin Franklin, 1706—1790.

James A. Garfield, 1831—1881.

Ulysses S. Grant, 1822—1885.

Benjamin Harrison, 1833—1901.

Andrew Jackson, 1767—1845.

Thomas Jefferson, 1743—1826.

Abraham Lincoln, 1809—1865.
 James Madison, 1751—1836.
 John Marshall, 1755—1835.
 William T. Sherman, 1820—1891.
 Zachary Taylor, 1786—1850.
 George Washington, 1732—1799.
 Martha Washington, 1732—1802.
 Daniel Webster, 1782—1852.
 Confederate States—
 John C. Calhoun, 1782—1850.
 Jefferson Davis, 1808—1889.
 Andrew Jackson, 1767—1845.
 Thomas Jefferson, 1743—1826.

This does not include the revenue stamp, of which there are and were a large variety, with many different portraits of public men.

LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN

"High o'er the loud and dusty road
 The oriole's cup in safety swings."

By the time our little men and women reach the country, the nests have been made and the birds are "singing the songs of the joy to come." Bird homes are as charming as they are wonderful in construction, and they are to be found everywhere, though some may be cunningly hidden. There is hardly a spot on earth so hot or so cold, so wet or so dry, so high or so low, that some birds will not make a home in it and lead a happy life there.

WHAT BIRDS BUILD IN ROCKS

Why are the trunks of trees chiseled out by jolly woodpeckers, and hollows utilized by solemn owls and bluebirds? What birds build on bare ground and why do grassy meadows attract the merry bobolink and the shy meadow-lark? Wrens are original in their tastes. They are always searching for unusual quarters, comfortable nooks already prepared. Did you make any arrangements for their nesting and with what results? It is said a screech owl has lived many years in the attic of a private house in New Jersey, entering through a broken window and rearing a family every year.

We want our boys and girls in every part of the country to write us a letter about the birds they have studied this summer, and the interesting ways they have observed about bird habits.

For the best story on "My Bird Neighbors" The Magazine offers several very attractive prizes. Try to illustrate your story if possible.

REBUS

A ruby gleam, an emerald sheen
 A motion poised for flight;
 A moment seen, the flowers between,

Then quickly gone from sight.

Guess the answer to this rebus, draw an original picture and send to "Children's Department Smalley's Magazine, St. Paul, Minn." The ten best answers will be rewarded by a charming book of interesting stories for our little men and women. State your age and grade in school work, and where you spent your vacation.

WHEN I WAS BOY

Up in the attic where I slept

When I was a boy—a little boy!

In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
 Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
 Over the low red trundle-bed.

Bathing the tangled curly head,

While moonbeams played at hide and seek
 With the dimples on each sun-browned
 cheek—

When I was a boy—a little boy!

And oh, the dreams, the dreams I dreamed

When I was a boy—a little boy!

For the grace that through the lattice
 streamed

Over my folded eyelids seemed

To have the gift of prophecy,

And to bring me glimpses of times to be

Where manhood's clarion seemed to call.

Ah, that was the sweetest dream of all—

When I was a boy—a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep

When I was a boy—a little boy!

For in at the lattice the moon would peep,

Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep

The crosses and griefs of the years away

From the heart that is weary and faint to-
 day,

And those dreams should give me back
 again

The peace I have never known since then—

When I was a boy—a little boy!

AN ESKIMO TRICK

The short, chubby, wooden-looking Eskimo men wheedle silver out of the populace by playing a game requiring considerable skill. This consists in lifting a donated nickel or dime out of the ground by the crack of a whip. The whips these people use are like an ordinary bull goad, with a number of leather lashes added to the total length of twenty-four feet; they shoot these long lashes along the ground like snakes straight at the coin set edge up in the dirt, and as each whip reaches the spot it curls with a snap like a pistol shot and likely as not lifts the coin high in the air; thus the coin goes to whoever gets it in that way.



BEST SHOES

Shoes for sister, shoes for brother,
Shoes for father, shoes for mother;
The very best for grandma, too,
Foot, Schultz & Co. will furnish you.

Mayer's School Shoes Wear Like Iron



HERE WE CARRY THE STOCK

HERE WE MAKE THE SHOES

Address Department B for Our Booklet of Ladies' and Men's Fine Shoes

If you want a reliable line of
Footwear with which you
can INCREASE your
trade buy

MAYER'S MILWAUKEE CUSTOM-MADE SHOES

We make all grades and styles
on good fitting lasts that are
U P - T O - D A T E .
Our specialties are

MEN'S AND LADIES' FINE SHOES AND OXFORDS

But we also make an extreme-
ly good medium weight every-
day shoe from Oil Grain, Kan-
garoo Kip and Calf for the
Farmer, Mechanic and Miner.
Send for samples or write us
and we will have our salesman
call on you.

F. MAYER BOOT & SHOE CO., MANUFACTURERS MILWAUKEE, WIS.